THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

September, 1800.

HENLEY. A TALE.

Marriage should be considered as the most solemn league of perpetual friendship; a state, from which artifice and concealment should be banished for ever, and in which every act of dissimulation is a breach of faith. JOHNSON.

MISFORTUNES of a most tender nature had, in the early part of Mr. Henley's life, almost excluded every idea of a domestic establishment; yet his benevolent heart panted for the society of the worthy and unfortunate, to whom he was attached by congeniality of sentiment and feeling. Amply possessing the means of alleviating the pecuniary distresses of those whom he considered deserving of his bounty, he suffered no opportunity to escape of doing a charitable action; and the whole tenor of his conduct proved that, in a mind of sensibility, compassion must be the predominant sensation; of joy we can only be humble

partakers; but there is, in raising another from an abject state to comparative happiness, a transport, which none but the susceptible can know.

Henley rented estates in several counties, which he periodically resorted to, and which were tenanted by his poor relations, to whom he was an indulgent landlord. He travelled in a frugal way, that he might bestow what some would lavish on ostentatious extravagance, upon those whose necessities demanded it.

On the morning of an early spring day he took his seat in the stage-coach for T——. His spirits were elated by the smiling aspect of Nature, and he sat for some time absorbed in pleasing contemplation, regardless of a fellow-traveller who lolled silently in the opposite corner. A deep sigh, at length, drew Mr. Henley's attention, and, looking up, he caught the glimpse of a countenance that riveted his notice: goodness and tenderness were depicted in every expressive feature, but a manly sorrow was diffused over all, and rendered him a still more interesting object.—— Henley made a few observations, to which, as there was no other passenger, he expected the stranger would reply; but in that he was mistaken. An air of wildness now and then took possession of his manner, that greatly alarmed Mr. Henley, who felt insensibly interested in his sorrows. ——When they stopped at the inn, half way to T——, he requested, in a mild voice, permission to take his dinner with him. The stranger regarded him attentively, and, waving his hand, replied——

"No——no:——I am a miserable being!——the outcast of society!——Misfortunes have made me misanthropic; mankind are but ravenous animals, who prey upon each other!"

"These are but wild, undigested ideas," returned Mr. Henley; "the offspring of an over-heated imagination.—— Allow your heart to be warmed by friendship, and you will find charms innumerable spring from the intercourse."

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The stranger smiled:——it was a ghastly smile, and all his features underwent a degree of convulsion.

"Friends, Sir, are scarce in real life; and the deception we daily find practised upon us originates, chiefly, in our own enthusiastic ideas. Misled by the suggestions of an ardent fancy, we place unlimited confidence in any chance-acquaintance who may, by artifice or caprice, make professions of friendship for us; upon the failure of which we find ourselves cruelly disappointed. I have had a friend, Sir!!"——[he struck his forehead with violence, his eyes glared with ferocity]: he resumed, in a frenzied tone——"I will be revenged!——His heart will I tear---as mine has been torn!——every fibre shall be wrung in restitution for my wrongs!!"

Mr. Henley trembled with agony at the keenness of his sufferings. He tried to reason.

"I should imagine," said he, mildly, "that whatever may be your misfortunes——however great the injuries which you have sustained——you ought rather to exert your reason to acquire resignation, than rashly to seek, through an erroneous and criminal desire of revenge, the abridgment of your own life, or that of another. Dare not presume to arrogate to yourself the power of the Most High: in his hands alone it is to punish the guilty; for though keen wrongs may irritate the mind beyond its proper bounds, the principles of Christianity should subdue the violence of passions so baneful in the indulgence."

Simple truth is ever persuasive to a mind unwarped by prejudice; but a smile of scepticism spread over the features of the stranger, and, shaking his head, he replied:

"Such are the cold dictates of experienced age, when the sated eye can behold with apathy every surrounding object; but to one like me, who, in the prime of life, sees every tender tie broken asunder, every hope of happiness wrested from me,——how valueless is life!"

Tears of conviction rushed to the eyes of Mr. Henley: his companion perceived it.

——" Ah!" he cried, " you pity me! I am now mean enough to seek commiseration. You have a heart to feel for my misfortunes: hear, then, and judge.—

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXVII.

THAT the narratives of Fancy may be made a vehicle for the most important truths, and the most salutary lessons, is a remark that has often been made, and is confirmed by every day's experience. Yet, the ideal tale should always correspond with Nature, and be calculated to impress some moral maxim; or it not only loses its effect, but becomes injurious.

The subsequent little history, it is hoped, is free from any just grounds of censure in its principles and conduct. —It proves that avarice and ambition are not always the prevailing vices of those who have the superintendance and the direction of the young; and it evinces, that the female heart is not to be biassed by change of situation, when once it has paid its allegiance to genuine love.

If examples of this kind were more frequent, domestic felicity would be increased, and the matrimonial union less frequently, than it is, the source of misery and unavailing complaint. To exhibit a good pattern may be useful; to copy it praiseworthy. With these reflections we commence our moral tale.

ALBINA was born in the country, of reputable parents, who were called from this sublunary scene

scene whilst she was yet in a state of infancy. Her aunt (an old lady, who lived on a decent competence, in a pleasant village) was enamoured of the attractive elegance of her fair niece, and took her home, for the purpose of having her educated in every laudable and polite accomplishment, under her own immediate direction. The soil was naturally good, and cultivation was not wanting.

It was in this retired and happy situation that she matured those virtues and graces, those artless and engaging manners, those softnesses and delicacies of nature and deportment, which captivated every one who knew her, and inspired all her acquaintances with the warmest interest in her fortunes.

Her aunt, to whose attentions she was so much indebted, regarded the rising excellencies of the beauteous Albina with delight: the contemplation of her virtues filled the placid evening of the good old lady's days with serenity and pleasure. In their rural walks, she entertained her tender charge with a recital of whatever her experience afforded, in lessons of the most easy and pleasing instruction; and in this manner she moulded her young heart to early and unaffected virtue.

She had but just entered her teens, when her uncle returned from India, and brought with him an immense fortune. He was charmed to find his niece so exact an image of her mother, of whom the old gentleman had been always passionately fond. He instantly purchased a beautiful villa, where he carried his sister and Albina; and, observing the liberality of the young lady's disposition, put it in her power to indulge it in every respect. This sudden change of fortune produced no alteration in her manners, which became, if possible, more condescending than before. Her enquiries concerning the miserable were more constant, and her beneficence was more extensive.

Her aunt died while Albina was in her fifteenth year; and the day on which she was deprived of this second pa-

rent, in the revolution of subsequent years, was always devoted to abstinence and salutary meditation. Her uncle was now her only guardian, and he well deserved the name.

Scarcely had she changed her mourning for the demise of her aunt, when he thus addressed her one morning, as they sat by themselves at breakfast:——

"You are now, my dear Albina, the sole heiress of my fortune: all the property of our family will eventually centre in you. My growing infirmities afford me an hourly warning that I must soon *be gathered to my fathers*: this makes me extremely anxious to see you settled in life.—Your accomplishments, as well as your fortune, will entitle you to a match among families of the first rank in the kingdom; and young Lord Townly has for some time professed the most ardent attachment to your person; though my respect for your worthy and amiable aunt would not permit me to disclose the circumstance before."

Albina was so much astonished at this unexpected discovery, that she remained for some moments silent, and at length dropped insensible from her chair. Her uncle, equally grieved and alarmed by the apparent anguish into which his proposal had thrown the lovely girl, watched the restoration of her senses with eagerness and solicitude: he had soon the happiness of seeing her revive, and instantly embraced her with tears of joy.

She then unbosomed herself to her uncle without reserve: she did not think it consistent with her duty to harbour even a thought with which he was unacquainted, when the occasion called for an explanation. The gentleman who farmed her aunt's estate had an only son, who, long before her uncle's arrival in England, had frequently enjoyed the pleasure of her society. The amiable qualities and engaging disposition of this young gentleman had made an indelible impression upon her heart, at a time when his fortune was likely to be much superior to her own.—In an early stage of this fond intercourse they had exchanged

changed the most solemn promises of eternal fidelity to each other, with the consent of her aunt, but greatly against the severe will of the young gentleman's father.

When Albina's uncle was made acquainted with the real state of her mind, the good old man desisted from any farther importunity on the subject. "God forbid," said he, "that my fortune (which I hope will prove a blessing to your youth) should be the bane of your felicity through life."

In consequence of this declaration they set out, the next morning, on a visit to farmer Jones, who resided about thirty miles distant. They met the old gentleman before they arrived at his house; but he had no recollection of the persons of either Albina or her uncle.

"We are come, Mr. Jones," said the Nabob, "to make you happy."

"Friend," replied the other, without moving his hat, for he was one of those people called quakers, "I know not who thou art. I thank thee for thy good intention;—but happiness belongs not to such a wretch as I am!"

Albina remained silent; but her uncle entreated Mr. Jones to make him acquainted with the history of his sorrows.

"My son," rejoined the quaker, "who never disobeyed the wishes of his parents, and who was the comfort of our declining age, has formed an attachment with a young woman, from the time of his being a boy at school; but she is become of late so rich, by the arrival of a wealthy uncle from India, that we have not been able, for above a twelvemonth, to hear any thing of her situation. My poor boy has been all that time almost in a state of distraction. He left home about two days since, and we know not whither he is gone, or what may have befallen him. We have sent every where in search of him, but, alas! without success."

The extreme affliction of Albina at this affecting narrative soon discovered who the strangers were. She was immediately conveyed to the house without any evident signs

of

of life. By the greatest assiduity and tenderness, however, the fond maid began to revive; and was on the act of explaining the true reasons of her discontinuing the correspondence with young Jones for so long a period, when intelligence was received that the favourite youth had been found near her uncle's residence, and was distracted to hear that his Albina had left it before it was possible for him to have an interview with the object of all his affections. Explanations took place, and the honest quaker participated in the general joy that was proposed for all.

Immediate care was taken to inform the young man of the happy change in his prospect; and it was not long before he entered the apartment, and received from the indulgent uncle a full confirmation of what has been already premised. They were soon united for ever; and, to the last hour of his life, the uncle of Albina enjoyed the pleasing reflection of having given his niece to a worthy man; and of seeing the felicity of two fond hearts secured by his means. The young people, on their part, shewed him all the attachment due to a kind parent; and lamented his loss with as much sincerity, as if his death, instead of rendering them very opulent, had reduced them to actual want and distress.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I SHALL esteem it a favour if you will transmit the following

TO THE OLD WOMAN.

My dear Madam,

KNOWING your kindness in advising the youthful part of your own sex, has induced me to lay my case before you.

I was

I was left an orphan at the age of twelve years, being at school at the time of my parents' decease. My guardian continued me there till I had attained my sixteenth year, when he took me home, what the world terms tolerably accomplished.

The lady to whose charge I was committed was thought the best housewife in the place; consequently my time was chiefly devoted to domestic affairs. Unfortunately I had indulged a violent propensity to reading; and, having no kind friend to direct my choice, fixed on novels. But, as I grew older, perceiving their evil tendency, I have resolved to apply myself to the improvement of my mind.

The request I have to make, my dear Madam, is, that you will be so kind as to recommend such books as are most proper for the perusal and instruction of a young female of nineteen, who will soon be in possession of a genteel independency; and without your friendly advice must enter on the world unacquainted with those requisites necessary to form a sensible woman. I wish not to affect an unbecoming degree of learning, but, should I ever alter my situation, to make a rational companion to a man of sense, and support myself through life with propriety.

Trusting to your goodness in complying with this request as soon as possible, I remain

Your humble servant,

MARIA FRIENDLESS.

ST. LEGER. A TALE.

"TO meliorate the sufferings of unmerited calamity, to enable us to bear up against the pressure of detraction, and the wreck of ties the most endearing, benevolent Providence has wisely mingled in the cup of sorrow drops

drops of a sweet and soothing nature, which impart a balmy influence to the mind, and enable it to sustain the shocks of adversity."*

——"I have been unfortunate, my beloved Matilda," said the amiable and noble-minded St. Leger, "but I have not been guilty; and at the moment my heart is bleeding for the woes and sufferings of my wife, the consoling charm of conscious rectitude imparts a buoyant spirit to my mind, that makes it tower superior to affliction.—Oh! my gentle love," continued he, pressing the weeping fair one to his heart, "could I but see thee calm, and more resigned, thy Edward would defy the power of fortune; and, blest in the dear possession of thy charms, learn to despise the costly glare of state."

"Oh! my Edward," replied the agitated Matilda, "how can a bosom be resigned that feels itself burthened by a weight of care? Have I not been the means of involving you in misery!——and am I not blasted by a father's curse!"

Edward St. Leger, the hero of this tale, was allowed to be the most accomplished gentleman in the British Court; and as his mind corresponded with the elegance of his manners, it is difficult to say whether he was most loved, or most admired. His father, proud of the great qualities of his son, warmly recommended him to Royal favour; and, before he had obtained his five-and-twentieth year, he was sent on an embassy to the German Court.—The elegance of his address, the insinuation of his manners, and the public capacity in which he appeared, were passports for St. Leger into the first circles: but amongst all the families who courted his acquaintance, none paid him so much attention as the Baron of Cologne.

The Baron was a man of such superior understanding, that it was scarcely to be expected that he should meet

* Drake's Literary Hours.

with

with a compeer; but finding St. Leger's capacity on an equality with his own, his society afforded him the most heartfelt delight, and he was never so happy as when the young Englishman was by his side. If the qualities of the head extended to the heart, the Baron of Cologne would have been both loved and admired; but, though Nature had expanded the powers of sense, she had contracted all the softer sensations of the mind, and rendered him totally insensible to refined delights. As a husband, he was cold; as a parent, cruel; as a master, tyrannical; and as a man in power, imperious: yet, with all these vices, he could so far conceal his disposition, as to appear possessed of a conciliating mind. He had married the daughter of an English nobleman, who was more anxious to promote his child's prosperity, than to procure her happiness and peace: and she dragged on an existence of gloomy grandeur, without experiencing one ray of joy. The only gratification this charming woman experienced, was in the tender assiduities of an amiable child; but that delight was frequently embittered by the capricious cruelty of this inhuman man, who, whenever the cares of state, or the impulses of passion, made an impression upon his unfeeling mind, vented his spleen upon the object of her tenderness, and exhausted his rage in severity and reproof.

The gentle mind of the lovely Matilda, on these occasions, would seem to rise above itself; and, instead of repining at injustice and oppression, nobly acquired an appearance of ease: and, that she might not augment the Baroness's affliction, always appeared to be insensible of her own. To the most lovely form that Nature ever moulded, was united a susceptible and accomplished mind; and it was impossible to behold such a combination of perfections with a heart uninterested, or a soul unmoved.

The Duke, though incapable of parental fondness, sometimes exulted in his daughter's charms; and, hoping they would be the means of extending his authority, resolved to bestow her hand only upon a Prince.

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The Baroness, aware of her husband's designs, endeavoured to fortify Matilda's mind, and taught her the folly of indulging prepossessions which would not receive the sanction of the Baron's choice.

Though Matilda's heart was formed for sensibility, it had hitherto been entirely free; but the insinuating manners of the young Englishman soon taught it to feel a tender flame; and before she had the power of avoiding captivity, she found it had become St. Leger's slave.

The conviction at first filled her with apprehension; but a short time checked the impression of all fear, and she yielded to the emotion with an impulse of delight, that amply repaid her both for dread and pain.

St. Leger's bosom thrilled with delight whenever he beheld this too captivating fair; and though he was well aware of the Baron's intentions, he found it impossible to repress his love.

The Baroness, ever anxious for her daughter's happiness, observed this growing partiality with grief, and besought St. Leger to discontinue his visits, unless he wished to destroy the felicity of her child.

St. Leger's heart was incapable of deception, and he openly avowed the purity of his love, but promised to be guided by the Baroness's direction, and implicitly follow her desires. It was not merely necessary to separate St. Leger from the amiable object of his love, but it was absolutely necessary that the Baron should remain ignorant of Matilda's partiality and her mother's designs.

To quit Vienna at a moment, was absolutely impossible, as his mission would not suffer him to act for himself; and to remain there, and refuse the Baron's invitations, might give him reason to form conjectures destructive to Matilda's peace.

[To be continued.]

The

The Caſtle De Warrenne.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from page 116.]

CHAP. VIII.

Truth seldom lies conceal'd in mystery;
Clearly to reason she reveals her light;
And errors vanish like a mist before her. SAVAGE.

IN the morning, Lady Barome, to give more colouring to their tale, did not quit her chamber; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, occupied himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished; and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to their chamber; the man trusting her to carry her comrade food.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passages which they had passed the night before: they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night; and Matilda, with desperate courage, entered. The apartments here wore much the same air of desolation as the rest; but, passing a door that would otherwise have been undiscovered, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen;---the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Barome, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face:---her whole

whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprung forward, and, seizing him, flung him to the ground.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, "what means all this?——Instantly surrender yourself, or expect no mercy!"

Revived at her well-known voice, Lady Barome sprung from the ground, and with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host: they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Barome did the same by his feet.

Their attention was quickly drawn from this object by one of a more extraordinary nature.---A tall, elegant figure, clad in white, appeared, and, throwing back a long veil, which concealed her face, discovered the meagre countenance of a woman: "sharp misery had worn her to the bone." Advancing towards them in haste, she exclaimed ——"Brave youths!---I believe you to be my friends, and claim your protection for the injured Countess De Warrenne!"

Lady Barome ran towards the stranger (who was fearfully retreating), and exclaimed, in a voice of joy——"It is ---it is my long lost Madeline---my dearest sister!"

Excess of happiness is seldom productive of fatal consequences, or such would have been the result of a meeting too pathetic for description.——Matilda, not quite so much intimidated, advanced to their trembling culprit, and demanded, on pain of death, who was in the house beside himself. The fellow declared solemnly himself was the only one, and promised faithfully to offer no resistance. Not perfectly satisfied with this, they secured him, as well as their united strength would permit, in a chamber, from which there was no outlet; and, leaving him what food they judged necessary, they turned all their attention to

Lady

Lady De Warrenne, who, to gratify their feeling concern, immediately began her narrative, as follows:——

"The news of your misfortunes, my dear sister, weighed heavy at my heart; to augment my unhappiness, in a few short months a malignant fever deprived me of my husband. Barome had just escaped from Corfe Castle, and implored me that I would screen him, if possible, from the malice of his enemies; of which I had the mortification to learn, that my brother-in-law, Sir Arthur, was the most inveterate. All would have succeeded to our wish; but Sir Arthur, unfortunately, for reasons after disclosed, made his appearance here: the suddenness of the visit inexpressibly confused me, and the embarrassment which I laboured under was very visible. He seemed thoughtful and morose:---he took up his abode some time in the Abbey, under pretence of a wish to afford me consolation. At this time Barome was obliged to confine himself wholly to his apartment, and we only obtained interviews by stealth.

"One day we were mutually lamenting your misfortune, and mourning your unknown fate, when the voice of Sir Arthur at the door, demanding admittance in no gentle tone, threw us into the utmost consternation. He repeated his desire in a voice still more authoritative, and William had but just time to conceal himself under the tapestry, when De Warrenne, with furious force, burst the door.---With calmness I demanded the occasion of this outrage, when Sir Arthur, with a look of malignant fury, insisted upon knowing with whom I had been conspiring. My change of countenance implied the truth of his accusation, and I sunk, overcome with fear, into the next vacant seat:---he took advantage of my terror, and, raising the tapestry, discovered Barome, who sprung forward, and aimed a pass at him with his sword. I find that Barome did not personally know his adversary; yet apprehension for what must ensue threw me into strong convulsions, which ended the contest, and Barome escaped. I was put to bed, and continued in a most alarming state till the next day, when I

gave birth to a female infant.——I soon learned, to my inexpressible horror, that I was accused by Sir Arthur of holding criminal intercourse with a domestic. Vain were my protestations of innocence, as I refused to disclose the name of the man found concealed with me."

Lady Barome wept at the sufferings of her sister on her husband's account; and Matilda, struck with a confusion of ideas, could scarcely refrain from interrupting the interesting recital.——Lady De Warrenne continued:——

"I was forced to endure still harder trials.---To my great surprize, the physician who one day attended me presented me with a note containing these words:——

'Dear and generous Sister,

'My gratitude compels me to risque my life in your service. Could a discovery of myself avail, I would immediately reveal it; but I well know the decree of our sufferings would be augmented by such a proceeding. I find that an infernal scheme is plotting against you; if you would mitigate its severity, hesitate not a moment in delivering your daughter to the bearer of this note. I am in waiting to receive it, and will carry it where you direct. Leave with it some memorial by which it may be recognized, and leave the rest to me.——I am safe---depend upon my fidelity.

'BAROME.'

"Thunderstruck with this intelligence, I hesitated not to comply with the injunction, let the consequence be what it might. I, therefore, hastily wrapped the child in a mantle, and, tying the little locket given to you at parting round her neck, directed the person to fly to our estate in Chantilly, and place it in the care of my old faithful servant Leonard du Pont."

Before another word was spoken, Matilda fainted in the arms of Lady Barome, when, opening her vest, they discovered, suspended round her neck by a piece of ribbon, the

the identical locket!——No farther confirmation was necessary to convince Lady De Warrenne, who flung herself upon the lifeless body of her child, and gave free vent to her luxury of joy in tears.

Matilda, opening her eyes, fixed them on Lady De Warrenne, and, sinking on her knees, implored her blessing.—"Never, never, my beloved parent," she cried, "will we be separated!—No more shall the barbarous Sir Arthur persecute us.—We will seek the King, and of him implore protection and redress."

This pleasing discovery unfitted them for any further conversation; and they agreed to defer the remainder of Lady Warrenne's relation till they had contrived plans for their future disposal. Agreeably to her desire, the man was restored to liberty, who, in consideration of the great rewards offered him, consented to act entirely as they desired, only taking the necessary precaution of securing him when they retired to rest.

CHAP. IX.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And every care resign;
"And shall we never, never part?——
"My life!—my all that's mine!"

SCARCELY had they composed themselves to rest, when they were alarmed by a loud clamour at the Abbey gates, as of several horsemen, who loudly called for admittance. Fear so totally overcame all the inhabitants of the Abbey, that neither had power to ask their business, each fearing it to be some one in pursuit of themselves.——They had not long to consider, for, with a tremendous crush, the outer gates were burst open, as were, immediately after, the inner, and a large party of men entered the chancel.

Fear took from them all power of motion. Their apprehensions were raised to the most alarming height, when they heard the various footsteps ascending the staircase,

and the voices of men in deep consultation. They had by this time thrown on a few clothes; and, the door of their apartment flying open, a party of armed men rushed in, who instantly started back on beholding three defenceless women.——A moment discovered all; and Matilda was prevented from falling to the floor by the supporting arms of De Lacy!——Her wandering senses were soon recalled by an exclamation from Lady Barome, of---" MyLord!---my husband!"---and instantly beheld her clasped to the bosom of her William, who hung enamoured on his long lamented Lady.

The recognition on all sides was joyous; and when Lady De Warrenne presented Matilda to him as his neice, and heiress to the house of Warrenne, he embraced her with rapture. Joy lighted up the countenance of Valtimond, and he paid his congratulations in a manner that plainly indicated the interest he took in her fate. The ardour of his speech revived in her breast emotions, which, though they had subsided while engaged in soothing the misfortunes of others, had never been totally extinguished; and she cast her eyes to the ground visibly embarrassed. Till then they had not regarded the attendants who continued in the room, and who had stood amazed spectators of the foregoing scene. They were ordered to withdraw, and forage the Abbey, for wherewithal to make cheer, to which they were conducted by the man whom they had truly affrighted by breaking open his prison.——When they had withdrawn, mutual and heartfelt congratulations again passed, which soon subsided into curiosity to know the cause of this extraordinary revolution. Each agreed to relate what concerned themselves, and the Ladies having repeated their tale as before, Lady De Warrenne resumed:

" Fortunately I acted as directed; the faithful physician received the child, and conveyed it out under his cloak, unobserved. When he next visited me, he told me that he had delivered it into the hands of my brother, and assured me, on his honour, of its safety I now felt resigned

ed to whatever fate might await me, since my child was secure beyond the reach of Sir Arthur's malignity.---My fortitude was soon severely tried: De Warrenne entered my apartment one day with a malicious air, and, seating himself opposite to me, said——

'So, Countess, I understand that you have sent away your child.---May I demand the cause?'

"I answered him, with scorn, that I was in no wise accountable to him for my actions; that he was my guest, and, I was sorry to say, no longer an agreeable one at the Abbey.——He bit his lips, and muttered something inwardly; then, rising, said——

'Well, Madam, you may repent this:---in the first place, I desire you will deliver up to me the keys of your cabinet.'

"This I peremptorily refused. He gave me a look which almost annihilated me, and, securing the door, pointed a dagger at my breast. Terrified at his menacing aspect, I promised compliance:---he removed the murderous weapon, and, taking the keys from my trembling hand, he proceeded to open all my drawers; and, having ransacked them over, tied all the papers together, and quitted the room, exulting in the prize which he had so treacherously obtained, and secured the door on the outside.

"Shocked at this inhuman treatment, I endeavoured to burst the door; my feeble efforts were insufficient, and, exhausted with rage and grief, I flung myself into a chair:---presently I heard some one at the door, and the man you found here entered, desiring to know what I wanted.——I desired to walk down stairs:---he shook his head:---

'No, no, Lady; not quite so fast. If that is all you want, you need not trouble yourself to make so much noise.'

"He was then about to depart;---I caught his arm, and, falling on my knees, entreated him to tell me why I was kept a prisoner in my own mansion.——Great God! what was my agony when I found I was doomed to perpetual con-

finement; that I was looked upon as an adulteress, and as the murderer of my child; and that the base Sir Arthur had seized upon all our extensive domains and property, in right of his brother, deceased, being myself considered as dead to the world!——It is miraculous that I preserved my reason under these complicated evils: I endeavoured to convince the man of my innocence; but he was too stupid, or too cunning, to heed my protestations; and I likewise found that he considered me as a lunatic. I, however, gathered from him at different times that De Warrenne had given him a strict charge not to let me escape, nor to suffer any one to see me: neither was he permitted to quit the Abbey himself upon any account; what provisions were necessary being supplied from the market-town by a peasant boy, who put it through a small grating, without ever entering the Abbey. All ideas of escape being thus excluded, I had nothing left to do but endeavour to reconcile myself; and I looked forward with eagerness to the period when it might please the Almighty to terminate my wretched existence."

Here Lady De Warrenne ceased, and her auditors could not but admire the resignation she had displayed while suffering under the greatest affliction, and were no less grateful to Providence for thus happily terminating them.

Barome was next called upon to gratify their suspence with the account of his adventures, and the reason of his sudden appearance at the Abbey. In compliance with their request he immediately began, addressing himself to his Lady.

"You may recollect, my dear Madeline, the fatal night, when, in defiance of your pathetic tears and entreaties, you was forced by the ruffians, and was conveyed with our little Raymond from our Castle. I had been at the chace, and, returning, found our house in confusion, and a guard placed to seize my person. Upon my appearance, I was bound and gagged, and in this manner conveyed, on a kind of litter, with rapidity several miles. At length we

stopped at the gates of Corfe Castle, where I understood that I was to remain, under a strong guard, until called to trial for high treason.

"Fortunately I had a large sum of money about me, which proved infinitely serviceable, and procured my enfranchisement much sooner than I myself expected. I found means to bribe my mercenary gaoler, and procured liberty within a week after I was first taken into confinement. Knowing it unsafe to continue in England, I fled to our sister for concealment. What passed there has been already related. When I rushed out of the room, after that scene which almost delivered me up to the insatiate vengeance of Sir Arthur, I wandered, careless of my fate, for several hours in the woods skirting the Abbey, till my attention was recovered by voices near me. I discontinued my pace, and heard your name distinctly repeated. Determined to know the result of this, I again listened, and heard one, whose voice convinced me that it was Sir Arthur: he said——

'Pedro,——you know that the many obligations you are under to me require some small return of gratitude: it is now in your power to serve me essentially, for which you need not fear being liberally rewarded. I think you have not hitherto found me very deficient in acknowledging your services.'

"Pedro assured him that he had no cause of complaint, and declared himself willing to do whatever he should require.

'You must know, then,' resumed De Warrenne, lowering his voice, 'I have been grossly injured by Lady De Warrenne: she has found means to produce a will, which I have strong reason to believe forged, declaring herself sole heiress to the immense possession of my dear deceased brother, thereby depriving me of my right by inheritance; for though the title becomes extinct without a male descendant, the estates, personal and real, should be mine. —Nor is this all: far be it from me to court the fortune

solely

solely from mercenary motives, did I not find her unworthy to enjoy it. I have detected her in such criminal intrigues, and have such incontestible proofs that the child she has now given birth to, and for which she wishes to obtain the fortune, is base born, that I cannot endure to let her triumph in her iniquity. We must therefore find means to dispatch the child——you comprehend me; and, by close confinement, subdue the haughty spirit of the Countess. To your care I shall leave her in the Abbey; and the sooner she gets out of the way, the better; and you shall be liberally rewarded.'

"The man again renewed his vows of fidelity, and they parted. Petrified with horror, I stood some time incapable of moving from the spot where I was. Something, however, must be done immediately to avert the impending danger. I walked continually about the Abbey in a disguise which I had procured; and from your kind physician learned daily the state of yourself and infant. He seemed interested in your welfare, and I found that I might trust him with our secret. I sent the note which you received, and clasped the lovely Matilda to my anxious heart, and instantly left Ireland. I had prepared every thing for our departure, and reached the cottage of your faithful Leonard in safety. He received it with transport, and promised to protect it. Elated with my success, I from that time led a wandering life, from one country to another; and had the satisfaction to hear my hard fate, while unknown, universally deplored.

"Nothing material happened till I had, one day, the satisfaction to learn that the tyrant, John, was no more; and that Somerset, the regent, had granted a free pardon to all the outlawed Barons. Transported with joy, I hastened to Court, and, seeking Somerset, prostrated myself at his feet, entreated the restitution of my wife, and produced incontestable proofs of my right to the Barome estate. He graciously promised to reinstate me in my former honours, and immediately signed an order for your release,

release, of which I was myself the bearer to the Castle of Sir Roger De Lacy, high constable.

"Judge my anguish at learning your escape! But for the generous care of our young friend, I fear I should have committed some act of desperation. I also learnt that De Lacy had paid the debt of Nature. I rashly accused Valtimond of having concealed you. He protested his ignorance, and informed me of the circumstances you have already related; suppressing, with generous modesty, the active part he took in your escape. I then determined to seek you here, and laid before Somerset a petition for the release of Lady De Warrenne, and obtained it. De Lacy, insisting upon accompanying me hither, informed me of the disguises you had assumed. We traced you to the cottage of Shannon, though ignorant of the happiness that so nearly awaited us.

"I have now, as well as the perturbation of my spirits will allow, given you a faithful detail of what has befallen me since our unhappy separation."

Here De Barome concluded, and his Lady wept, as she reclined her head on his affectionate bosom. Nothing but the absence of their son Raymond could have cast a gloom upon their happiness, and they resolved to lose no time in claiming him, as well as the fortune so fraudently detained from the Countess De Warrenne.

"Surely," cried Barome, ironically, "our adventures do not seem complete. Cannot you," addressing De Lacy, "finish them, by favouring us with your confessions. I have no doubt that they would more particularly interest some of the auditors than my dull history!"

The colour mounted to the cheeks of Valtimond as he cast an apprehensive glance on Matilda: her eyes were fixed on the ground, and her face wholly covered with a crimson scarcely a shade paler than that of his own. Lady De Warrenne perceived her embarrassment, and laughingly changed the subject; saying, gaily——

"For

"For the present wave that subject: this is not a time for confessions: at some future opportunity it may be more acceptable. It now grows late; let us retire."

They then separated for the night, purposing to depart the next morning for Sir William's chateau.

CHAP. X.

Obscure, and friendless, he the army sought,
Bent upon peril: in the range of Death
Resolv'd to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction. HOME.

SCARCELY had the wonder of the preceding events subsided, when another, of no less unexpected a nature, again involved the inhabitants of the Abbey in fresh difficulties.

As they were seated the next morning, in cheerful conversation, a messenger arrived almost breathless with haste, and, without alighting, demanded Lady De Warrenne. De Lacy started up, and accompanied her to the gate, when the courier, bowing respectfully, putting into her hands a sealed packet, and, clapping spurs to his horse, was out of sight in a moment. The adventure was so sudden, that the Countess was some minutes before she could examine the contents of her parcel. When recovered, she broke the seal, and to her astonished eyes were presented the following words.——

"Most injured and unfortunate Lady,

"Can you with unprejudiced mind peruse these lines, penned by the unconscious usurper of your rights:——it is that Raymond, who has been the supposed lawful heir to the possessions of Sir Arthur, that now addresses you. I have learnt to revere your virtues and lament your sufferings. The man——(I was about to call him monster!—but he was my *benefactor*)——is no more:

more: his Lady, too, ere you receive this, has breathed her last. From a faithful servant of their household I learnt your wrongs, and now make all the restitution in my power.

"The secret of my birth at first overwhelmed me with painful ideas; but I hope to bear my disappointment as a man. I am as yet but very young: a large field of glory is open for my pursuit. To you I resign your long withheld rights, and hope, by a life of honour, to add a name I need not blush to acknowledge to that of

"RAYMOND."

Some other papers were also contained in the packet, which were a voluntary resignation of the estates and the possession, with her husband's will, which had before been torn by Sir Arthur from the Countess.

Her eyes were suffused with tears as she paused with admiration on the nobleness of soul in a youth of fourteen.—She handed the letter to Barome——

——"Your son is, indeed, worthy of you."

Her voice failed, and she was obliged to leave the room to hide her grateful emotions. Lady Barome snatched the letter; and, perusing it, gave way to the most extravagant grief.

"Alas!" she cried, "my charming boy is lost to us for ever, nor shall I behold him more!"

Her husband tried to sooth her, by representing how much better it was, after being a short time separated from him, than to have found him an object unworthy of their love or care; concealing his own deep grief in attending to restore the composure of his Lady.

Matilda's efforts were, as usual, effectual in soothing her; and it was proposed by Valtimond, that himself and Barome should hasten with all possible dispatch to Warrenne Castle, and prevent, if in their power, the departure of Raymond.

Respect for the maternal anxiety of Lady Barome got the ascendancy over their feminine apprehensions: it was unanimously agreed upon.

De Lacy, meanwhile, had not been idle: he succeeded in impressing the mind of the Countess in his favour; and obtained from Matilda a blushing promise to unite her fate with his, if it met the approbation of her mother on their return to England. He then took a tender farewell, and departed elated with the prospect of bringing their affairs to a happy conclusion. And while the deserted females turned disconsolate from the windows, where they stood to take a last view of their departing friends, and breathed a fervent prayer for their success, De Barome and Valtimond pursued their journey without any very sanguine expectation, and found the Castle De Warrenne in the care of Jaques, who could give no account of the young hero, and sincerely lamented that he had been the cause (by his knowledge of the family secret) of driving Raymond from the Castle.

While Barome went to London to take possession of his recovered estates, De Lacy repaired with the mortifying intelligence to his fair friends in Ireland. Hope, however, did not wholly desert the mind of Lady Barome; and she flattered herself, that when she had regained her habitation in England, some means might be thought on to recover their lost son. Not willing to damp by her own sadness the pleasure which her companions experienced upon the accomplishment of all their wishes, she therefore struggled with the dejection of her spirits, and made the necessary preparations for her departure with alacrity, while De Lacy was unremitting in his zeal for their accommodation.

"Ah!" exclaimed Matilda to Lady Barome, as Valtimond handed her into the carriage provided for their journey, "how different is the manner of our quitting this gloomy Castle from that in which we first entered it, unknowing

knowing and unknown! As indigent wanderers did we, almost sinking with fatigue, pass its inhospitable gates:—while, now, happiness and brilliant prospects are opening on every side!———Who shall dare mistrust the secret-working hand of Providence? which, while apparently overwhelming us with misery, is, in fact, always leading us to greater felicity?"

De Lacy pressed the hand he held with rapture to his heart, and the Countess cast a glance of approbation on her daughter, for having thus expressed the piety of her thoughts.

Their journey was performed with rapidity; and though the voyage was far from tedious, they even thought it an age ere they were joined by Sir William. The sensations of Matilda can scarcely be done justice to by imagination, at once more becoming an inmate of Warrenne Castle;—that spot which she had quitted as a domestic, and of whose extensive domains she now returned sole heiress! —Nor was her joy diminished, after an absence of seven years, again to behold the honest friend of her youth, the venerable Jaques. The friendly familiarity of his former behaviour was now changed into an affectionate respect; and a tear of emotion fell upon the hand that Matilda with smiling sweetness extended to him.

"Ah! my Lady," said he, encouraged by her kindness, "strange things come to pass in a little time!——Who'd have thought to see you again in this manner?—But, pardon my boldness, I always said that you was too noble-minded to be only a servant."

Matilda smiled: it was not the smile of vanity; but one she could not suppress at his well-meaning simplicity.

"My good Jaques," she replied, "merit does not always appertain to high birth. We have all, unfortunately, experienced the fallacy of such ideas; and your own example proves, that the purest virtues are sometimes hid beneath an humble garb. But I should be glad, if, when you have time to recollect the events that have taken place

since my departure, you will relate them to me. I have many questions to ask."

The eyes of Jaques glistened with pleasure; and Matilda rejoined the party in the parlour, where she had passed many pleasant hours in attending upon Lady De Warrenne with Raymond.

Jaques neglected not to avail himself of the permission given by Matilda respecting the state of affairs at the Castle during her absence. He began by recapitulating his own concern at her departure: he then continued——

"No sooner did my master miss you than he flew with the utmost rage to his Lady's apartment, and upbraided her with having contrived your escape, and, in the violence of his passion, discovered what you had taken such care to conceal. The dear Lady returned him not an angry or unpleasant word; but many times have I caught her crying most piteously, when she thought no one could see her.—Our little master Raymond, who grew apace, and was a most beautiful boy, would often repeat your name with an earnestness that made me almost cry. Well, my Lady, things went on so some time; when, as I was attending my master a hunting one day, his horse having thrown him, he was bruised so desperately, that it was impossible for us to remove him home, and he had but just time to confess his sins before he died. He desired me to open the news as carefully as possible to his amiable Lady, whom, he declared, he had used very ill. Then he told me all about your mother, Madam, being shut up in the Castle, and desired I would see that Raymond was taken care of; but which he need not have done, for we all adored him;—he was so kind, and so dutiful to my poor Lady, who did not live a week after Sir Arthur, for she was then in a deep consumption.

"My heart yearned for poor master Raymond; but he seemed more affected with the loss of my master and mistress than that of his fortune; for no sooner were they buried, than he sent a servant off with a packet of papers; after

after which, calling us together, he said—As it was proved that he had no right to the estate, he would make a formal resignation in our presence; that he had written to the Lady who was the rightful owner, whom he expected soon at the Castle, and from whom they would either receive their discharge, or be retained in her service; that for himself, he was going to travel, and should probably be absent some years.

"He then rewarded every one liberally; then taking, before us, a small sum of money and one of his own horses, which he mounted, and delivering to me all the keys, he desired me to serve my new mistress as faithfully as I had my former one,——and, to remember him! He rode away, without any attendant.

"Ah! Madam," sobbed Jaques, "had you seen with what a graceful and condescending look he bade us a separate adieu, it would have made your heart bleed. I am sure the Countess would not have been angry, if he stayed; and so I told him: but he said——

'No—no—my good Jaques; I have too long been a burthen upon the compassion of strangers, and have remained at home in inglorious ease, while my country stood in need of my services.'

"Oh!—he was a charming young man: whoever saw him could not but love him."

The simple eloquence of Jaques strongly called forth the effusions of sensibility from Matilda, and she determined not to repeat what had passed to Lady De Warrenne, lest she should increase that corroding sorrow which the happiness of all around had contributed to dispel.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

ON THE ENVY WHICH IS CREATED BY A SUPERIORITY OF TALENTS.

Exemplified by Observations upon the Treatment of Hume.

SIR,

AN accurate observer of mankind must view with concern that general propensity to envy and detraction which imperceptibly gains admission into the human breast, and with a kind of pestilential influence withers the laurel Merit ought to wear.

It is both a melancholy and degrading instance of the depravity of human nature, to see that talents and abilities, instead of insuring to their possessor the plaudits of mankind, generally prove but an attractive target, at which Malevolence shoots her envenomed shaft.

Envy may be considered as one of the darkest passions that degrades our nature, and sinks it to a level with demoniac spirits: it is a canker-worm that corrodes the breast in which it gains admission; and, with destructive, desolating power, destroys the peace of all within its reach. While calumny is supported only by malice or imagination, we may sometimes destroy its effect by contradiction; but wherever vice or inveteracy contrives to give the appearance of fact to an assertion of falsehood, the pains which are taken to counteract its influence generally tend to augment the evil.

"All men," says a judicious Writer,* "are so much inclined to flatter their own pride by detracting from the reputation of others, that, even if we were able to maintain an immaculate conduct, it would be difficult to preserve an immaculate character; for the malignity of some dispo-

* Mr. Knox.

sitions

sitions is so great, as to be highly gratified with the view of injured sensibility."

Few authors have been more completely the victim of popular prejudice, than the celebrated historian, David Hume, whose works bear testimony of the superiority of his judgment, the extension of his knowledge, and the capability of his mind.

It is greatly to be regretted, that so comprehensive a genius should have abused the talents with which he was endowed, by an attempt to puzzle the cause of religion, or have tried to increase the impenetrability of that veil, which for the wisest reason has been thrown over the human understanding: yet his morals would, perhaps, have recommended genuine christianity, in the purity of its early ages, more powerfully than the flaming zeal of an host of persecutors.

"He was a man," says an elegant foreign Writer,* "of a sedate and moderate character, and through his life maintained an unblemished reputation for integrity of principle and decency of manners. His good humour was invariable, and, whether in the gaiety of company, or the silence of his closet, his cheerfulness never failed: his tranquility was not to be moved, and he perused with the most calm composure the variety of invectives which were published against him. The lower orders in his neighbourhood, whom jealous and revengeful artifices had excited to pursue him with obloquy and outrages, observing the humanity and benevolence of his life, relented from their ill-judged resentment, and then became objects both of his charity and care. As his conduct upon all occasions appeared just, resolute, and manly, without the slightest tincture of ostentation or parade, so his discourse, which abounded in sagacity and science, never exhibited any airs of presuming erudition. He was always affable and obliging, and his friendship was the spontaneous emanation of

* Zimmerman.

a kind

a kind and social heart, unadorned, but by sincerity; unforced, but by native promptitude and ardour."

That a man, possessing qualities which must have proved the benevolent propensity of his nature, should have become an object of general censure, is one of those common instances of the caprices of Fortune which ought to prevent her smiles from encouraging the growth of vanity, and her frowns from engendering despair.

Unfortunately for the comfort of mankind, Calumny has too long been privileged to stalk the world at large, for any single foe to stop her rapid strides; and so secret are the springs which guide her motions, that they contrive to elude research. Nothing more easy than to barb by slander; nothing more arduous than to extract the dart.—— Hume felt the justice of this observation; for, though his Works abounded both with beauty and merit, the insidious artifices of his opponents prevented them from obtaining either the notice of the public, or the applause of the liberal.

"Never," says he, "was a literary attempt more unfortunate than my *Treatise of Human Nature:* it fell *dead born from the press*, without reaching such distinction as even to excite a murmur among the zealots!"

This Work, so unjustly neglected and despised, was, ten years after, interwoven with his Essay on the Human Understanding, during the Author's residence at Turin: but, upon his return to England, he had the mortification of finding, that, in whatever shape his sentiments appeared, they were certain of being treated with contempt and scorn. His next attempt in literature was, *An Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals:* and though he considered this Work the most perfect of his writings, it neither insured him credit, nor obtained him approbation.

Mortified, but not dispirited, by these repeated discouragements, his ardent mind became intent upon a design, which he flattered himself would indemnify him for all his disappoint-

disappointments: this was, *The History of the Steuarts;* which only confirmed the complete illusion of his hopes.

"Miserable was my disappointment," says the persecuted Author. "I was assailed by one cry of reproach, disapprobation, and even detestation! English, Scotch, and Irish—Whig and Tory—Churchman and Sectary—Freethinker and Religionist—Patriot and Courtier—united in their rage against the man who had presumed to shed a *generous tear* for the fate of Charles the First and the Earl of Stafford; and, after the first ebullitions of their fury were over, the book seemed to sink into complete oblivion."

The reign of envious prejudice, oppressive as it is, is fugitive; or, rather, while its tyranny is perpetual, its objects are incessantly changing; and those who were once its victims, become, in time, its cherished favourites.

"The merit of a great man," says a judicious Writer, "defamed and hooted as long as his ears and heart would have been sensible to the acclamations of applause, generally waits but *his death* to be fully and clamorously recognized and admired."

No longer a *living* reproach to the mean and frivolous, who compose the mass of every generation, he imperceptibly becomes their veneration and delight; and those talents, which once called forth the shafts of Envy, and the censure of Malevolence, are then encircled with a wreath of bays!

Though there is no situation in life wherein the friendship and assistance of others is not necessary to the welfare and happiness of ourselves, yet how few are there who condescend, by a general compliance with the wants and wishes of their associates, to promote their comfort, or insure their felicity, and by those means give themselves a right to claim a mutual return of kindness and affection!

How can that man expect the esteem of others, who is continually detracting from their merits to exalt his own? Or how can he hope to become an object of regard, whilst he is insidiously undermining his neighbour's reputation?—

Could

Could we banish Envy and Detraction from the world, we might hope to experience a portion of that felicity which benevolent spirits may expect to enjoy hereafter; and, instead of making this life a scene of strife and animosity, we should convert it into an abode of comfort, if not a state of bliss.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your very sincere admirer,
Z. Z.

GENUINE ANECDOTE

OF AN ANCESTOR OF THE DUKE OF LEEDS.

SIR William Hewet, who was Lord Mayor of London in the year 1559, the second year of Queen Elizabeth, was a merchant of great eminence in those days, and possessed an estate valued at more than 6000l. per annum.—He had three sons and one daughter, to whom the following mischance happened (Sir William then living upon London Bridge):——a female servant playing with her out of a window over the river Thames, by chance dropped her in; almost beyond expectation of being saved. A young gentleman, named Osborne, an ancestor of the present Duke of Leeds in a direct line, being then apprentice to Sir William, at this calamitous accident bravely leaped in, and saved the child. In memory of which deliverance, and in gratitude, her father afterwards bestowed her in marriage on Mr. Osborne, with a very great dowry, although several young persons of quality then courted her, particularly the Earl of Shrewsbury: but Sir William was pleased to say—"Osborne has saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her."

The Leeds family preserve the picture of the said Sir William in his habit of Mayor, at their seat at Kniveton in Yorkshire, and set a great value upon it. Mr. Osborne filled the office of Sheriff in 1575; was afterwards knighted, and served Lord Mayor in 1583.

ON

ON THE DELICACY REQUIRED IN CONFERRING OBLIGATIONS;

With Anecdotes of those who have excelled in performing them.

TO confer a favour with ostentation, or bestow a kindness with superiority, is to offend delicacy, and wound pride; for the mind that is depressed by the arrows of affliction, is acutely susceptible of feeling and pain.

Amongst the various anecdotes which have been recorded of Dean Swift, none raises his character more highly in estimation than his conduct to a relation of Sir William Temple's. This lady, whose name was Dingley, enjoyed from Sir William an annuity of twenty-seven pounds a year; and Swift, knowing that the sum was not equal to her necessities, generously augmented it to seventy-seven. An act so liberal, so benevolent, and humane, was sufficient to excite veneration towards the bestower; but Swift, fearful of wounding her feelings, or oppressing her mind by a sense of obligation, informed her that the whole of the annuity had been left by Sir William, who had vested the principal in his hands; and, to give colour and sanction to the deceit, constantly demanded a regular discharge, as if the money had been left by her deceased friend.

The conduct of the Duchess of Northumberland is not less praiseworthy, and deserves to be recorded with the liberal-minded Dean; for, at the time that Mr. Gray's circumstances were so confined that he could not afford to gratify his taste for reading, she presented him with an elegant case of books, in a manner that doubly enhanced the obligation.

The library of a deceased man of fortune was to be disposed of by private sale; and the elegant Author of "The Churchyard Elegy" went with a friend to survey the different lots. Amongst the rest of the Works, there was a book-case filled with the best editions of the French classics, which Gray beheld with a longing eye, and ex-

pressed an anxious wish that he could afford to buy it.—The conversation that passed between him and his friend happened to be overheard by the Duchess of Northumberland, who took an early opportunity to enquire who the gentleman was that had so anxiously desired to purchase the case; and, upon being informed that it was the celebrated Gray, instantly paid down the value of its contents, and sent them, with a polite note, to his lodgings; the purport of which was, to say,—that she was ashamed of offering so small an acknowledgment for the gratification she had received in reading his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

EFFECTS OF INDUSTRY AND PERSEVERANCE.

A VESSEL laden with leather, from Tripoli, was wrecked on the coast of Cornwall. Mr. Simon Eyre, a shoe-maker, in a small way of business, in Leadenhall Street, London, raised what money he was able among his friends, and travelled on foot to Penzance, where he purchased what leather had been saved from the wreck.—With this stock he commenced dealer in leather, and in a few years amassed an immense fortune, with an unblemished character. He built Leadenhall in the year 1419; some time after which he was knighted; and in 1445 Sir Simon discharged the office of Lord Mayor of London, and was the first man that introduced the use of Morocco leather into England.

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

July 10, 1800.

HOW little do the gay voluptuaries, who are immersed in a round of dissipation, think of or feel for the miseries of many who are pining away in the last extreme of want and sickness!

A poor

A poor man, borne down by the double weight of age and adversity, was one day seen asking alms in C———, and the next found suspended by the neck in a deserted hovel a little way out of the town; an act of desperation, to which it was supposed he was goaded by the iron hand of Poverty. He had not one farthing in his pockets: a *tabatiere* and a ragged handkerchief were all they contained, but in the box was found a marriage certificate; and as my route lay near the place where it was performed, I determined to make some enquiries about him, as there was something in his appearance which seemed to say that he had seen better days.

Upon enquiry at E————n, I found that he had been a respectable farmer of the village. His wife died in a few years after their marriage; but she left him two sons and a daughter as some consolation for his loss. He now again began to taste of happiness, which her death had marred; but it quickly passed away: his daughter was seduced by one of those monsters who call themselves men of honour; his eldest son went into the army, and was soon after killed in an engagement with the enemies of his country; and the other dying, it left him inconsolable. So deep did the remembrance of their loss sink into his heart, that, absorbed by sorrow, he entirely neglected the affairs of his farm, which became the prey of rapacious servants; until his creditors, seeing his situation, rushed in, and deprived him of all. Driven from his house, an outcast, he begged a precarious subsistence from town to town, till at length, unable to bear the accumulated weight of misery with which he was oppressed, he ended his existence in the miserable manner above related.

Learn, then, all-sufficient man!—from these facts—to place thy confidence in God, as thy supreme good!——Had the above unfortunate man received the dispensations of Divine Providence with resignation, he might, after a life spent in piety and virtue, have revelled in the joys prepared for the good and virtuous; whereas, by the

course he pursued, he outraged the Divine Authority, and condemned himself to eternal torments. He thought, by ending his mortal life, that he entirely removed his sorrows: he did, indeed, end them here; but he prepared far greater hereafter! S. W. S. B.

THOUGHTS ON THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

OF all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, even when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful, all avails nothing if she is unfaithful to her trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained; but if she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger,——if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of Home! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to sooth, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage, who finds but an associate for *happy hours*, while for his *months* of *darkness* and *distress* no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; yet there is an ear open to the married man's complaints; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his: and as enjoyment derives additional relish from participation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb, in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

ANCIENT TIMES.

IT has been no unusual thing to make a comparison between the ladies of the present day, and those who lived a century ago. If we go but a little further back, to the days of Anna Bullen, the contrast seems to present the greatest possible burlesque. In that time very few ladies went to court: the great officers of state left their spouses at their magnificent mansions in the country, to entertain their sporting neighbours. Good Madam was then delighted to have a snug country dance in the parlour with the Squire's wife, the Parson of the parish and his wife, and perhaps the butler and a couple of chairs to make up the set. She always rose at five o'clock, to see breakfast served in the great hall, which was then a principal meal. Master, mistress, and servants all feasted in the same room, not omitting to relate their dreams of the night. The men, after breakfast, went to the cellar to drink; the lady to her poultry and dairy; and the young ladies to their usual occupations of making their clothes and stockings, weaving and knitting not being then known. At twelve, they dined in a room neatly strewed with rushes, and supped at six, which was their greatest entertainment; they then amused themselves with tales, or sports, till eight, and were all in bed before nine o'clock.—With this mode of life compare that of a modern lady of fashion!

To the Editor.

SIR,

IF you approve of the following brief thoughts on an old subject, they are at your service.

Z.

FEMALE GARRULITY.

"Methinks, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
"Of aspen leaves are made."

A WELL-BRED man, as all men ought to be, should never enter into company with more than a couple of ladies at a time; for, having but two ears, it would be morally impossible for him to give his attention to a third.

I happened to spend a week once in the country, at the house of a maiden aunt of mine, who was a remarkable talker [How that woman must prate who is become remarkable for it!]. For two nights after my return to town I found that I could not compose myself to sleep, by an hour or two, so soon as usual. Habit is a powerful thing. A horse that is used to drink at the stream, will choke with thirst at a standing pool.

In short, I felt myself sensible of an irksome vacuity in my ears, and wanted my usual prattling dose before I went to bed. Curtain-lectures must be admirable opiates, where the voice does not reach beyond the tester; which, like a sounding-board, confines the oration within the auditory.

On the third night, happening by chance to throw down my shoe-buckles carelessly on the table, they vibrated so long before they settled to rest, that I began to find it sufficiently answer my purpose, by supplying the place of prate, affording me sound without ideas; and by giving them a fillip or two, I was fairly brought to bed of my usual slumber again.

Prate,

Prate, says somebody, was indulged by Nature to women, by way of exercise in their sedentary occupations of life; and the foul humours thrown off by this method, in a certain given time, are physically computed to equal the perspiration of a strong man at hard labour all the time.

Some polite philosopher says, that a babbling disposition was given to women by Providence, in order to supply ideas to their children, who are sooner taught by the ear than the eye. And this is the reason that might, I think, be justly given, by etymologists, why the native language of every country is styled its *mother tongue.*

Some Latin epigrammatist gives it for a reason why Nature has not furnished women with beards as well as men—"that they could not hold their tongues long enough to be shaved!"

ON LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP may rapidly ripen into love, but love requires a length of time before it can soften into friendship. A thousand gradations must mark a diminution of the interesting emotions of the heart which are wholly different to those of a mental nature. The cold respect of Friendship is an insult to the memory of Love; for the despot, who "rules a tyrant, if he rules at all," having once been in possession of unbounded sway, will not condescend to become a pensioner on the mental charity of his vassal, till the reign of dominion is recommenced by a new source of triumphs, and another object occupies the mournful vacuum, which is still aching in the bosom.——Men may talk of sober friendship growing out of deeply-rooted love: it is a fine romantic species of sophistry, invented by caprice to sooth the victims of a deluded faith; a pleasing, placid mask, calculated to conceal the sickening features of disgust, and to cheat the senses with a shadow of that passion, which time and the fickleness of folly have completely vanquished.

Jane of Flanders;

OR, THE SIEGE OF HENNEBONNE.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

[Continued from page 56.)

Act II. Scene I.

The grand audience-hall of the Countess of Mountfort: in the centre, a splendid throne with a magnificent canopy above it; on each side, minstrels, dancers, male and female vassals, &c. &c.: Jane *of* Flanders *seated under the canopy;* Fitzwalter *standing on her right hand,* Raymond *on her left. The whole scene brilliantly illuminated.*

Chorus. LOUD, ye minstrels, raise your voices,
Tune the harp to mirthful notes;
Every loyal friend rejoices;
On Echo's sound blithe merriment floats.

Record the praise our warriors earn,
Speak of the hard-fought battles won!—
See!—the vaulting tribe advance;
Be merry, be merry, and join in the dance.

A Grand dance.

Countess (rising). Enough, my friends: sincerely do I thank you for this proof of loyalty. It is a pleasure I would not barter for the riches of the East, to feel and know my vassals love me! Oh! Princes of the earth, watch over the happiness of your subjects, and you will live in peace: their smiles alone can render you invincible.——And you, my servants, be it your care to persevere in piety to your God, in reverence to your laws, and duty to your Monarch. 'Tis these alone which make a nation great——and these alone which make a people happy!

Fitzwalter. Madam, I have transacted your orders.—In what manner can I now be serviceable?

Countess.

Countess. I give you the melancholy employment of seeing our deceased warriors attended in safety to their last repose. Blessings on their faithful ashes!——May they sleep in peace!——For you, Raymond,—let your office be that of comforting the widowed and the fatherless!—[*Aside*]—Alas! we rejoice at conquest; but, how many pangs even a victory costs the feeling heart!

Raymond. Rouse, Lady!——Why doth melancholy o'erspread your brow, when so lately blessed with victory? Prepare, likewise, to receive the Count of Mountfort, who is on his way for this place at the head of so formidable a body of the English as will strike our enemies with fear.

Countess. May his return be propitious to our cause!—Expectation fills my breast, and swells each nerve with impatience. [*She returns to the throne.*

Enter Robert *and* Cecilia, *richly dressed.*

Fitzwalter. Behold our friend in war.

Countess. Welcome, Sir Robert.

Robert. Most gracious Madam!—joyful am I at being cheered with a smile from your countenance. You have snatched me from poverty, to place me in splendour; and your beneficence has dignified me with a rank in life, to which my proudest hopes never dared presume. Far—far beyond my merits are these honours; yet I would still, if I dared, ask more.

Countess. The signal loyalty you have displayed gives you liberty of speech. Go on, and freely request.

Robert. This blooming innocent long possessed my heart, while both of us were humble villagers. Trained up in cottages from our infancy, a mutual friendship grew within our breasts, which ripened into love. Accuse me not, then, of presumption, in daring to introduce her within this splendid hall. Her beauty, her innocence, and her virtue, call for admiration: and now, most noble benefactress, we pardon crave for our rude insolence.

[Robert *and* Cecilia *bend on one knee.*

Countess

Countess (descending from her throne). Brand not faithful love with the name of insolence—[*taking the hand of* Cecilia]—Arise, fair damsel——Welcome to our Court; and depend on my protection.

Cecilia. Great Madam, your goodness overpowers me; and my life shall be employed in your service.

Countess. No more——The heart which cherishes virtue knows not ingratitude. But, come——we have little time to spare——the public cause demands our presence.

(Warlike music.)

Chorus. Soon, confusion round them hov'ring,
From our walls each foe shall fly;
Bless'd with the smiles of a gracious sov'reign,
Each Breton will conquer or die! [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A rocky sea-shore in a part of Brittany, remote from the fortress of Hennebonne. [*Flourish of Cornets.*] *A boat is seen in perspective at a distance: as she approaches towards the land, her diminutive appearance gradually increases to the natural size. Soft music accompanies the motions: she at length arrives at the shore.* The Count *of* Mountfort, *Sir* Walter Manny, Andrew, *and two or three English soldiers, leap from her, and reconnoitre.*

Mountfort. Once more I set foot on my native land.—Soon, my beloved wife——soon will I relieve you from your suspense, and restore you, from the frowns of affliction, to the bright-beaming smiles of happiness.

Manny. My noble Count of Mountfort, cheer up your spirits. We are now near the place of our destination; and ere long you will be reinstated in the dignity your merit deserves. But, you are melancholy!

Andrew. Why, yes, the gentleman seems very low-spirited. Come, smooth your brow, my Lord; and if this arm don't do something for you——why, brand me for

for a coward. I would advise you not to hazard a battle without I happen to be present: for when I'm in a passion nobody can stand against me.

Manny. Andrew, you forget your duty: you have, I know, a faithful heart; but, let not your good intentions urge you to trangress the bounds of respect. Henceforth, remember the distance betwixt a vassal and a prince.

Andrew (aside). Now, what a gabbling rascal I am. ——It's amazing what loose springs some folks tongues have!

Mountfort. Nay, thwart not his honest language: the blunt and humble linguist, though his speech is framed with rudeness, hath oft times more sincerity than the polished coxcomb, who promises but to deceive.

Andrew. Ay, my good Lord,—there you speak truth. Many a time have I heard that said by my master.

Mountfort. His pleasant words afford me merriment.—Come hither, my good fellow:——where was you born?

Andrew (musing). Born!—born!——Let me see:—I can't tell rightly where I first saw the light; but my mother lived in Wales when she was brought to bed of me.

Mountfort. Then we will suppose Wales to be your native country. And how long have you carried arms?

Andrew (with a loud laugh). Carried arms, my Lord? ——why, ever since I came into the world, to be sure!

Mountfort. Impossible! Your youthful strength could not bear the fatigue which inseparably attends them.

Andrew. What!—do you think I a'n't made like other people? Look at me: as well made a person as you shall see in a summer's day.

Mountfort. You mistake me, fellow. I mean the implements of war.

Andrew (aside). There——there's another of my blunders. It's very odd, when I get into polite company I always put the cart before the horse.

Manny.

Manny. You answer not. How long have you followed military exercise?

Andrew. Four years, come next Lammas-day.

Mountfort. So long. What tempted thee to that employment?

Andrew. Truly, my Lord, nothing: I was rather driven. It happened on that day my father had sold his last sheep to pay rent, or else every thing would have gone to pot. At night the parson came, as usual, and demanded a lamb for his tithe. My father was not able to pay, and wanted to get rid of him; but, like all other black gentlemen, he was obstinate: so, to cut the matter short, I knocked him down for his impudence. He threatened terribly; and, to miss the gaol, I ran away, and listed for a *sojer.*

Manny. And thou hast proved a good one; not to mention thy gratitude and faithful honesty, for which, ere long, thou shalt be amply rewarded.

Mountfort. I join in that request.

Andrew. My Lords, I am not skilled in language, therefore I will shew my thankfulness——not speak it.—*(He retires to the soldiers.)*

Manny. Our time is short. Would it not be better to accelerate our progress? No enemy is to be seen in these parts: but we shall too soon perceive the ravages proceeding from the shock of contending nations.

Mountfort. Oh, war!—how dreadful are thy scenes—how hateful to humanity! Yet, he who would submit to slanderous insults, whilst blessed with health and strength to crush his proud calumniators, must be a base-born coward!

Manny. Fie on this dulness!——Be cheerful Count.

Mountfort. Believe me, when I consider the benefits received from your heroic nation, gratitude almost chokes my utterance. Generous England!——how can I repay thee? But, come——our departure is necessary.

Andrew.

Andrew. That's well spoken, my Lord. I've got a rare appetite. Oh! how I long to be seated at table now with my mess-mates, feasting over a hot joint of beef, well seasoned with merriment and good-humour!

Mountfort. Row for our fleet with expedition.

Andrew. Huzza! my boys!——We'll seize the Frenchmen's soup-pans, and scald them with their own liquor.

(They all go into the boat; and, as they row round the rocks, music attending them as before, sing the following.)

Chorus. Gently heave the splashing oar,
Steer with care along the shore;
Sweetly sound soft music's notes,
As our pinnace lightly floats.

Ling'ring yet——the strain extends;
Rising now, now heard no more;
Blithe harmony the welkin rends,
And calmly steals along the shore.

(To be continued.)

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

IT has, no doubt, struck many, besides your present Correspondent, that writers on particular subjects gradually form a language exlusively adapted to them, in order, as it were, to keep the arcana of science shut from vulgar eyes.

Law and physic have each their nomenclature, and fictitious history is fast forming one, for the entire use and privilege of that most useful of all the branches of literature.

Thus a prison door is said to be *irrevocably* closed, which is shut only for a few hours; and the beating of a fly against a wall thrills a whole family with horror.

What

What I have immediately to remark on, however, are those exclamations which the Doers of romances and novels so liberally distribute throughout their productions. It would appear that, unable to paint the genuine feelings of the heart in natural language, they are obliged to have recourse to a system of prophane swearing, in order to make the semblance of an impression on their readers: for the fabric of a novel of five volumes, and that of the petite story carried on in a Magazine, must alike be supported by the splendid columns of——"Great God!" and "Gracious Heavens!"

Fie! fie! Ladies and Gentlemen—ye writers of romance, who take upon you to amuse, if not instruct the public; it is time that this sort of blasphemy were at an end. If ye cannot accomplish your purposes without a mouthing sentence, have recourse, rather, to the "Dear me!" or "Lackaday!" of the nursery, than insult your readers with the impiety of appealing on every occasion, however trifling, to the sacred Majesty of Heaven.

I hope, Mr. Editor, this abuse will be corrected; and I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

Aberdeen, July, 1800. NO METHODIST.

A PLAIN REFUTATION OF DEISM.

I SHALL endeavour to render the following arguments as plain and simple as possible, and intelligible to every one. For this reason, I have chosen a part to argue from which admits of the easiest demonstration; namely, the Resurrection of Christ; and which (not to trespass upon your goodness, Mr. Editor) shall occupy as little room as the scope of the subject will admit of.

The objections against Christ's resurrection may be divided into three heads. First, that either he really did not

not die; or, secondly, that he did not rise from the dead; or, thirdly, that, though he was dead, and did really rise again, it was through some other power than that of God.

First: That Christ did not die.——That Christ suffered death under Pontius Pilate is mentioned by Tacitus, and both Jews and Heathens have all along asserted it: and if the Jews, his most inveterate persecutors, had not been convinced of his death, they would not either have suffered him to be taken down from the cross, or to be carried away; so that it must appear plain, upon the best authority, that he did die, as it is a point in which all nations have agreed.

Secondly: That he did not rise again.—To prove the truth of Christ's resurrection, only let us consider the Apostles as men of common sense, and of the same nature with ourselves (though their writings prove them to have been men of enlightened understandings): would any of us have run into persecutions and torments, with no prospect of advantage, but merely through a delight in falsehood? Was ever man so much enamoured of a lie as to resolve to die for it, rather than renounce it? Men may suffer much for what they think to be true, though it be false; but, certainly no man ever suffered to all extremities, for what he knew to be false, when he might have avoided punishment by desisting from saying it! Never were such wonderful charms found in a lie!

It may be said, that they were mistaken, or imposed upon. The disciples were so timorous, that they forsook him as soon as he was apprehended, and retained no hopes of his resurrection after he was dead, though he had foretold it. Never did any fact meet with more slowness of belief than Christ's resurrection did from his own disciples. ——The women came first to the sepulchre, to embalm the dead body; but how great was their astonishment when they beheld that it was not there! When it was told to St. Peter and St. John, they ran to know the truth: as soon as they got there, they beheld the linen cloths wrapped

ped up with care, and laid by, but no appearance of their master. This, nevertheless, gave no satisfaction to the other disciples. He then shewed himself unto them, and discoursed with them; but they were still distrustful, and did not believe. He afterwards ate before them; and at last commanded them to touch his wounds, which St. Thomas did, putting his finger into the holes made in his hands and feet by the nails, and that made by the spear in his side. Thus they were suffered to be doubtful, that there might be no room for doubt in others, since they proceeded with the greatest caution, and used all the means for their satisfaction which the greatest infidels could have done. Never was any thing asserted with more constancy and perseverance than the Christian religion, by witnesses who could gain no worldly advantage by it, but were sure to lose all, even life itself, by their testimony.—The observation of Easter is another argument in favour of his resurrection: that some day has ever been observed, we know, from the disputes in early times about the time of keeping it among the churches. Aerius was the only one, formerly, who opposed its observation, and his singularity serves to prove the antiquity of it.

Thirdly: That he arose by some other power than that of God.——Those who search the Scriptures will find that the Messiah's coming has been foretold since the fall of Adam, at divers times and places; and, long before his birth, the time, the place, and the manner in which he should come, was told; as also the particular family. He, whilst living, publicly declared, that he should rise from the dead the third day after having died a violent death. This all came to pass exactly as it had been foretold; and shews that he arose from the dead by the same power by which he wrought his miracles whilst alive, and by the same with which the prophets were inspired, which could be no other than that of God; and is an invincible argument of the truth of whatever he delivered.

S. W. S. B.

FILIAL

FILIAL AFFECTION;

OR, THE AMIABLE SOLDIER.

"ALAS! my son!—my beloved son!——and must I never see thee more?" said a faint, languid voice, which attracted the attention of the humane Sir Henry Wentworth, as he was accidentally passing the shed from which the sound issued; and, turning his footsteps towards the spot, he beheld the emaciated form of a venerable-looking old man, bending under a load of affliction and a weight of years.

Compassion and benevolence were two sentiments which Nature had engrafted upon Sir Henry's heart; and so completely were his actions under their dominion, that every object of charity was certain of being relieved.

"Accept my arm, my venerable friend," said the amiable man, at the same time stooping to raise the helpless being, whose appearance convinced him that he was unable to walk without assistance, "and I will conduct you to a place where your pains shall be relieved, and your sorrows mitigated; where compassion shall sooth your past misfortunes, and charity prevent you from feeling them in future."

"Merciful Father!" exclaimed the old man in a more renovated tone of voice, at the same time elevating his eyes and hands to Heaven——"and hast thou raised me up a friend, in this trying moment, to sooth the pangs of absence, and cheer the gloom of death!" Then, gazing at Sir Henry with a look of unutterable gratitude, he expressed his thanks in weak and broken strains, but declared his inability either to rise or walk.

The benevolent Sir Henry scarcely waited to hear the conclusion of the old man's speech, but, instantly hastening to his hospitable abode, brought a sufficient number of servants to remove the debilitated stranger; and, mount-

ing a horse which he had ordered to be saddled, rode to a neighbouring town for medical advice.

The surgeon who was employed in Sir Henry's family was as eminent for humanity as for skill: and though he did not indulge any hopes of his patient's recovery at his first visit, yet in less than a fortnight he pronounced him out of danger.

Sir Henry was so much interested in the recovery of his humble guest, that he did not feel satisfied with merely directing the servants to pay him attention; but constantly visited his apartment three or four times in the day, and treated him rather with the affection of a friend than the formality of a stranger.

Conduct so noble, so generous, and humane, must have called forth gratitude in the most adamantine heart: but the stranger felt it in a most eminent degree; and, anxious to convince his benefactor that his charity had not been bestowed upon an unworthy object, he requested permission to relate the history of his life, and addressed Sir Henry in the following words.

"To a heart generous like Sir Henry Wentworth's, it may be a satisfaction to know that his charity and benevolence have neither been misapplied; and that the being whose existence he has so humanely preserved, will neither stain it with ingratitude, nor cloud it with disgrace.

"I was the eleventh son of a curate in Wales, whose income, from the parochial duties of his station, amounted to no more than thirty-five pounds a year. My father was at once an honour and a disgrace to the profession which he followed; for whilst hundreds, who possessed neither his virtues or abilities, were raised to dignities which *he deserved*, he was suffered to remain in poverty and obscurity, who would have adorned the most elevated rank in life. The ill success which attended all his applications for preferment, made him resolve against educating any of his children for that profession; and as a brother of my mother's

mother's offered to take me under his protection, at sixteen I quitted my paternal abode, and in less than a week arrived at my uncle's residence. A conciliating disposition and cheerfulness of temper soon gained my relation's affection and esteem; and eleven years after my arrival in England I obtained the hand of his only daughter. Happiness more perfect than that which I enjoyed could never fall to a mortal's lot; and nine years glided away without beholding one cloud of sorrow.

"At that period my father-in-law died, and left me master of an excellent farm: but scarcely had I gained this newly-acquired possession, when an unexpected claimant demanded it from me. My father-in-law's nephew, an unprincipled young man, presented himself as owner of the estate; and after suffering the expense of a tedious law-suit, bribery and corruption deprived me of my inheritance.

"My wife, unable to support the cruel stroke, fell a victim to her inhuman cousin's arts, and I was left, with a boy of eleven months old, with no other fortune than what industry could gain. I removed from the scene of misery and misfortune, and hired a few acres of land, near Chelmsford, where, between the care of my child and the occupation of my farm, I contrived at length to wear away sorrow.

"The beauty of my boy attracted universal notice, and the wife of my landlord offered to bring him up as her own. But my Charles was the source of all my comforts; and, miser that I was, I could not part with him. Oh! Sir Henry, had you but seen his dear cherub face, or heard but the innocence of his engaging prattle, you would neither be astonished at my fondness, nor blame my tears.

"Whether it was the weakness of my head, or the partiality of my heart, that led me to imagine that I discovered perfections in my boy's character which were not to be found in any other, I cannot pretend to say; but certainly, as a child, he gave instances of generosity which would not have disgraced the conduct of Sir Henry Wentworth, one

of which I must beg leave to name:——About two miles distant from our little dwelling lived a gentleman of *reputed* fortune, whose pride could only be equalled by his insolence, and whose children were taught to insult the poor.—An unfortunate little beggar, who had strayed into the grounds, became the object of their inhuman sport; and my boy, accidentally observing the treatment, generously resolved to prove his champion, and rescue the oppressed from the hands of his oppressors. The attempt, though heroic, proved vain, for two to four was an unequal combat, and Charles's zeal was rewarded with a black eye, whilst the unfortunate mendicant was beaten cruelly.

"This instance of wanton ill-nature happened late on Saturday evening; and the following day it was rumoured in the village that the father of these boys had absconded for debt, and that the children were left without a friend to support them. With tears Charles besought me to offer them an asylum, and during the time they remained in my little cottage he treated them with a respect bordering upon adulation, and regularly spent the little allowance I gave him either in buying them marbles, sugar-plums, or cakes.

(To be continued.)

ON THE DUTIES WHICH WE OWE TO SOCIETY.

"SOCIETY has been compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a warm and animating heat."

That our happiness depends upon the cultivation of the social duties, and upon the nurture of susceptible emotions, none but the misanthropist will attempt to deny; for so gratifying is the enjoyment of participated pleasures, and so unsatisfactory those in which no one claims a share, that, from motives of policy we might cherish affection, and from selfish considerations try to gain esteem.

Abstract

Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you at once destroy the source of his delight, blast the buds of promised happiness, and leave a dreary vacuum round his heart. The benevolent Author of our being so constituted and ordained our nature, that we should derive felicity from communicating happiness, and experience delight from imparting joy. And shall we ungraciously counteract his benevolent designs; and, instead of contributing to the happiness of our neighbour, selfishly attend to our own gratifications?

That no real felicity can exist independent of susceptibility and affection, none but the selfish or the splenetic will deny; but the heart of him who is cold to the soothing voice of friendship, dead to the melting strains of love, and senseless to the plaintive pleadings of distress, is a mansion only calculated for demoniac spirits, or a cheerless dwelling for disgust and spleen.

The advantages derived from unanimity and friendship are so many and apparent, that it seems almost impossible to believe they are not universally cultivated; and every day's experience must convince an observing mind, that every amiable impression springs from the nurture of philanthropy and benevolence; and that the various vices which disgrace our nature, multiply in proportion to the decrease of domestic bliss! He who is capable of despising those bonds which consanguinity and affection jointly frame, is seldom proof against the allurements of vice; for his heart is callous to the voice of persuasion, and self-enjoyment is the only object of his desire.

The being who would study his own happiness should invariably consider that of others; and by trying to augment their cup of felicity, he will not fail to increase his own.—The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or spleen, bear an equal resemblance to the separated ember, which is incapable of communicating either warmth or light. He who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband,

husband, and the friend, and to laugh at those ties which embellish human nature, imperceptibly acquires a ferocity of manners, that absolutely degrades the very name of man.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of youth, that, to be happy is to be beloved; and that our pleasures and enjoyments will be proportioned to our attempts to lighten the burthen of our fellow-creatures. Were this method universally adopted, and children taught to cherish the soft affections, how much of that wanton cruelty would be avoided which so frequently disgraces our boyish years; and, what is still more lamentable in its effect, occasions a callosity of feeling throughout our future lives.

Creatures as we are of Habit and Custom, how absolutely essential is it to our peace, that those which are acquired before the judgment is enlightened, should uniformly lead to the practice of virtue!

Were children taught to nourish sentiments of love and esteem for those around them; to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power; to visit and give succour to the sick and afflicted;—how much would it tend to soften their hearts, humanize their dispositions, and give them a relish for those duties which society may claim.

For the Lady's Monthly Museum.

TO shew to what an extent Puppyism is carried, the following circumstance occurred the other day.—A young dashing blade went into a haberdasher's to buy a watch-ribbon, which came to fourpence. He laid a shilling on the counter; the man immediately gave him sixpence only, without recollecting that twopence more was due to him:—so, after some time, when this Bond Street Lounger had looked at the man, and the man at him,——"Fellow," says he, "*fatigue* me with my two-pence!!"

"O tempora, O Mores!"

ANACHARSIS.

CELE-

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES.

NO. XV.

MARY Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was the daughter of Sir Henry Sidney, Knight of the Garter, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lord President of Wales, by the Lady Mary, eldest daughter to John Duke of Northumberland, and sister of Sir Philip Sidney. Her natural genius was excellent; which, assisted by a polite education, enabled her to make an illustrious appearance among the literati of that time, when learning was reckoned a considerable part of politeness.

About the year 1576 she was married to Henry Lord Pembroke, by whom she had William, who succeeded him in his honours, and Philip, and a daughter Anne, who died young.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, her uncle, made the match for her, and paid part of her fortune. Her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, the ornament of his age and country, was so exceedingly pleased with her fine genius, and excellent improvement of it, that he consecrated his ingenious romance to her, under the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's* ARCADIA. And Mr. Abraham Fraunce endeavoured to do her honour, by devoting his labours to her; the titles of whose books induced some to think that they were of her own composing. The titles are——"The Countess of Pembroke's Yvy Church: containing the affectionate life and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas; that in a Pastoral; this in a Funeral: Both in English Hexameters: by Abraham Fraunce. 1591." Also—— "The Countess of Pembroke's Emmanuel: containing the Nativity, Burial, and Resurrection of Christ; together with certain Psalms of David. All in English Hexameter: by Abraham Fraunce. 1592."

As

As her genius inclined her to poetry, she spent much of her time that way. She translated many of the Psalms into English verse, which are still preserved in the library at Wilton. But we are informed by Sir John Harrington, and afterwards by Mr. Wood and Dr. Thomas, that she was assisted by Dr. Babington, then chaplain to the family, and afterwards Bishop of Worcester; for, say they, it was more than a woman's skill to express the sense of the Hebrew so right as she hath done in her verse; or more than the Latin or English translation could give her. But this argument seems not at all cogent; since there is no greater skill required in learning the Hebrew language than there is in attaining the Greek, or any other tongue, which numbers of women have been perfectly versed in.

She translated, and published, "A Discourse of Life and Death: written in French by Philip Mornay; done into English by the Countess of Pembroke. 1590." Likewise "The Tragedy of Antonie: done into English by the Countess of Pembroke. 1595."

This great lady was not only learned herself, but a patroness of men of letters, by allowing Dr. Mouffet a yearly pension, &c. Her generosity this way is allowed by Mr. Giles Jacob, who tells us, that she was not only a lover of the Muses, but a great encourager of polite learning, which, he says, is very rarely to be found in any of that sex.

What induced him to make this invidious reflection we know not; but if he had been acquainted with the names of the many foundresses and benefactresses in our two universities, he would not have advanced so great an untruth.

This excellent Lady survived her noble Lord twenty years; and, having lived to a good old age, died at her house in Aldersgate-street, London, September 25, 1602, and was buried with the Pembroke family in the chancel of the cathedral church of Salisbury, but without any monument; the want of which is pretty well compensated for. Her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, concludes his defence of poesie

poesie with this curse, in behalf of all poets, on those who disregard them:——"That when you die, may your memory die from the earth, for want of epitaph." This Lady's memory, however, has been honoured in lines much more lasting than marble or brass, and designed as an epitaph for her by our famous Poet Ben Jonson.

Underneath this sable herse,
Lyes the subject of all verse;
Sydney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,
Fair, and learn'd, and good, as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.
Marble pyles let no man raise
To her name, for after-daies
Some kind woman, born as she,
Reading this, like Niobe,
Shall turn marble, and become
Both her mourner and her tomb!

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I AM a very pretty girl, and not above sixteen. I am universally admired——nay, followed, and even made a fuss with——and yet, would you believe it, I have not a lover in my train! After having examined my whole person in my glass several times, without discovering any faults, I began to imagine that there was something in my dress to render it forbidding. Determined, therefore, to make some regulations in it, I sent for a new hair-dresser, and a new mantua-maker; but I could not gain my point with all my endeavours. My patience being at last quite exhausted, I ventured to ask a smart fellow, one night, at Ranelagh, on his comparing me to an angel, what he meant?

"Upon my soul, Madam," said he, looking archly in my face, "I mean nothing at all; but one must say something, you know."

"You

"You do not think me handsome, then?" replied I, in a tone which sufficiently discovered how much I was vexed to be so taken in.

"Not think you handsome! Indeed, but I do; and most sincerely."

"Yet neither you, nor any man," replied I, "attempt to make serious proposals to me, while you flirt with half the married women in the town!"

Looking full at me, he burst into a loud laugh—— "Married women, child, are the only women in the world to flirt with; for who, in his sober senses, would chuse, in these ticklish and expensive times, to have a wife of his own?"

You cannot conceive, Sir, how much I was mortified by this answer. Government, surely, ought to put a stop, by some speedy methods, to the proceedings of the married women in this licentious age, who engross the men to themselves, and hinder us poor girls from getting husbands.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant,
(in spite of all my disappointments)

FANNY FORWARD.

A FRAGMENT.

.....THE gates of his kinsman were closed upon him. Sir Edward raised his eyes to the driving clouds; and while he smote his breast at the recollection of man's ingratitude, his horse moved slowly on. The winds seemed to burst in fury from every point of the threatening heavens; the thunder followed each fitful gust in long, loud, and tremendous peals; the cataracts which rolled from steep to steep, swollen by the rains, appeared to rush in deluges, as they roared through the devoted valley; the lightning flashed incessantly from the black curtain which surrounded the hemisphere, at one moment discovering all the horrors of the scene, and

in

in the next leaving him to utter darkness, with peril menacing his every motion. Sir Edwin drew his cloak closer around him, and, sighing heavily the name of his distant Guralanda, his horse plunged forward, and he found himself immersed in a mass of waters, which the descending torrents from the sky had swollen to a mighty pitch. The waves dashed against the sides of his steed, and the driving rain, beating in his face, flowed down the polished steel of his casque, and dropped from the hem of his mantle in soaking abundance!

Emerged from the flood, he pursued his way over a wide tract of uncultivated country, where no light, save the flashes from the clouds, served to direct his wandering steps. The road narrowed, the high trees which avenued the path closed around him, and he found himself lost in the mazes of a deep wood.

Sir Edwin paused:---a soft gleam of radiance streamed before him. He alighted, and, pursuing the direction, a hand suddenly grasped his. The winds howled over his head, and the trees, bowing their august diadems, swept with their heavy umbrage the saturated earth.——He looked up with terror, when a majestic female form, wrapped in a long white veil, holding a crystal lamp to his face, saluted him by his name——"Sir Edwin!---follow me!"

He silently obeyed the soft pressure of the maid, and, led by her through the groaning forest, entered a long, deep, and winding cavern. Sir Edwin hesitated, but stopped not, until he saw himself within the depths of a vast dungeon.

"Why am I here?" cried the Knight.

"Still follow me,---and have faith!"

He did; but, laying his hand upon his sword, and half drawing it, with caution pursued her steps, still fearful that the villanous Llanidlos might be again renewing his treachery. A flight of mouldering stairs, which his conductress rapidly ascended, led them to an iron door. She opened it, and stretched forth her hand to Sir Edwin, who,

dreading that he was a second time to be immured within the walls of his rightful heritage, fell a few steps back; but the Lady, by a gentle violence, drew him within the threshold, and he beheld---not the glazy walls of a dripping dungeon, but the magnificent banqueting-hall in the castle of his kinsman!——He shuddered.

"Am I again in his power!"

"You are in mine, Edwin!" cried the seraphic Guralanda (casting her disguise from her, and throwing herself on his bosom).——"The base Lord Llanidlos died this night, by a stroke of lightning; and I am here, my beloved, after having been near thy prison for eight long months, at liberty to kneel at thy feet, and thus declare, that thou art my betrothed husband!"

——"How is this?" cried the weeping Lady Llanidlos (advancing from the pall of her Lord, which nodded its sable plumes as high as the ceiling).——"Explain, Guralanda!---Would not my cruel Llanidlos have repudiated me, to have wedded thee?---And how, mysterious maid, canst thou be the wife of his nephew?"

Guralanda smiled sweetly, as she seated herself beside the Lady; and, while the fond Edwin yet grasped her hand in his, she thus began .....

.....

E——.

To the Editor of the Lady's Monthly Museum.

SIR,

I WAS walking with my friend this morning in Pall Mall.——"How runs the enemy?" (alluding to the hoary-headed enemy of man) said Mentorius.——I immediately seized the string of my watch, in order to inform him.

"You

"You should have known, Mentorius," said I;——"but this confounded string has broken in my hand, and 'tis no easy matter, in the street, to get to the bottom of one's fob."

"Apropos!" exclaimed my friend;—"there is Dyde and Scribe's opposite to us: you may as well go over, and purchase a new one."——The proposal was directly assented to on my part; so we crossed the way, and entered the shop.

——"At the further end, Gentlemen, they are sold," in a squeaking voice, said a spruce dapper fellow, dwindled down by dabbling in frippery to a mockery of manhood.

"*Allons!* Mentorius," cried I;——and away we paraded, through the thick throng of Fashion's gew-gaw fair, to the further end of the shop.

As we passed, and perceived the number of no-sexed creatures constantly employed within the place,——"Good Heavens!" Mentorius exclaimed;—"what a reflection is it upon the virility of our country that such a profusion of its male subjects should be thus occupied in measuring out ribbons, tapes, and trumpery, to the exclusion of so many of the other sex, who might be here advantageously employed!——How many tradesmen's daughters," continued he, "who have been liberally educated, and, perhaps, had large premiums paid for their apprenticeships, are here thrust aside from their stations, and deprived of the proper means of gaining honest livelihoods!"

My purchase, as I was by no means difficult in my choice, and my mind, occupied with the foregoing reflection, was soon concluded; and I cannot help remarking in this place, how soon a man may settle a bargain, when he is making his purchase more for convenience than ornament. I have known my friend Listless spend a whole morning in a shop, turning over different parcels of patterns, and not fix upon one for a coat at last, because he fancied that none of the colours suited his complexion;

and it is poor Listless's fortune to have been born a Creole!

As Mentorius and myself pursued our morning's walk, we continued the subject of men being engaged in offices so peculiarly the departments of the female sex.——"No wonder, my friend," said Mentorius, "that in the streets, and at all the various places of public resort, we see so many of the unhappy daughters of Pollution, when women are thus wrested from their natural avocations in the state; and, setting aside the indelicacy of the case, it is politically prejudicial to have so many subjects lost from the scale of laborious employ. Was I the Minister," continued he, "these male-cyphers should be the first objects of my taxation."

"And how would you propose a modus for such a taxation?" I rejoined.

"I will tell you," replied Mentorius.——"I would oblige every master of a shop to be answerable in a certain poll-tax for each male creature employed by him, above the number of one, in the sale of merchandize to which the female sex were adequate;—such as millinery, linen-drapery, haberdashery, perfumery, and numberless other trades too various to particularize; the sum not individually less than Two Guineas, and to advance in proportion to the number; the master to give in a list, annually, of the greatest number kept by him at any one time during the twelve months.—This would be compelling a class to contribute towards the exigencies of the state, who are at present, to say the least of them, by far its most useless members; for the master, being answerable for them, would certainly deduct the charge from the prostituted hire of these amphibious slaves. Was it, indeed, to fall wholly upon the master, as where the greater number of these excrescences of manhood were engaged, the greater must the returns upon his capital be; he must have the greater property at stake to require the protection of the naval and military departments, and ought, consequently, to contribute more towards their support.

"Should

"Should the impost, fortunately, operate to induce the masters of shops to engage females in those departments for which they are most calculated, for which Nature formed them, and for which political propriety requires them, happy will it be for parents, happy will it be for youth, and happier still will it be for the posterity of England's isle; but, should they persist in continuing these emasculate attendants, I would force them to pay high for the indelicate indulgence, and heavily fine the vicious effeminacy of the age."

Mentorius's observations were too just to need a comment; and I departed from my friend with the determination of committing them to paper, and transmitting them to the public through the channel of your widely-circulating Museum.

THE OCCASIONAL INSPECTOR.

Lincoln's Inn, Aug. 3, 1800.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
PRINCESS SOPHIA-MATILDA, OF GLOUCESTER

IS the eldest offspring of the Most Illustrious Prince William Henry, Duke of Gloucester, by his marriage with Maria Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave, Daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, K.B.

This amiable and accomplished young Princess, who is not less beloved for the qualities of her mind than honoured for her illustrious descent, was born May 29, 1773; and her education conducted by preceptors of the first abilities, whose labours were well rewarded by the fruits of them; for Her Highness, with equal facility, imbibed a taste for polite literature, and acquired those branches of tuition that were to add grace and dignity to her personal charms.

The Princess still remains unmarried; but will be

> ---------- the cruellest she alive,
> If she shall lead these graces to the grave,
> And leave the world no copy. SHAKESPEARE.

MANNERS OF THE PARISIAN LADIES.

[From a French Journal.]

NEVER were women of ton more lightly clothed, and never was white so fashionable: soap is become no less indispensable than bread. Our fair females are covered with transparent shawls, which float and flutter over their shoulders and upon their bosoms, which are seen through them; with gauze veils, which conceal half of the face, to pique our curiosity; and with robes so light, so loose, so thin, that the wearer seems to be almost naked. In this sylph's dress they run from place to place all the morning, noon, and night; one sees nothing but white shades flitting through every street. They pass before our eyes like the fine figures of a picture: they appear to be without hands, but they speak with their eyes.——Needlework is unknown to them; and they think themselves born for enjoyments, renewed without ceasing, and never interrupted. Among no people, in no time, in no city, have women enjoyed such an independence, or devoted themselves to such indolence.

Plato says, in his book upon laws, that the secret of increasing the number of men one half, would be to employ women in the same exercises as men.——Plato, says the beautiful Louisa, was a very impertinent fellow!

Is it the revolution that has been the signal of this excessive liberty? Twenty years ago young women would not have stirred a step from home without their mothers: they walked, as it were, under their wings; their eyes modestly thrown upon the ground. The man whom they dared to look at was the one whom they were permitted to hope or chuse for a husband. Now they run about, morning and evening, in full liberty——to dress, to walk, play, laugh, draw cards, dispute about their adorers: such are their occupations: no scissars, no thimbles; they know no wound, but that inflicted by the arrow of Cupid!——Who can calculate the effects of this new system of love——of this

this new career——open to passion, so ever active of itself? The most improper books, too, get into their hands; the poisonous foam of philosophy comes from their lips; and licentiousness is mistaken for love!

School of Arts.

NO. XXI.

To destroy Bugs.

TAKE of the highest rectified spirit of wine (viz. lamp-spirits), that will burn all away dry, and leave not the least moisture behind, half a pint; newly-distilled oil, or spirit of turpentine, half a pint; mix them together, and break into it, in small pieces, half an ounce of camphire, which will dissolve in it in a few minutes: shake them well together, and with a piece of sponge or a brush dipped in some of it, wet very well the bed or furniture wherein those vermin harbour and breed, and it will infallibly kill and destroy both them and their nits, should they swarm ever so much. The bed or furniture must be well and thoroughly wet with it (the dust upon them being first brushed and shook off), by which means it will neither stain, soil, or in the least hurt the finest silk or damask bed. The quantity above-mentioned of this curious neat white mixture will rid any one bed whatever, if it should swarm with bugs: if you touch a live bug with a drop of it, it will die instantly. If any bug or bugs should happen to appear after once using it, it will only be for want of well wetting the lacing, &c. of the bed, or the foldings of the linings or curtains near the rings, on the joints or holes in and about the bed, head-board, &c. wherein the bugs or nits nestle and breed; and then, after being well wet again with more of the same mixture, which dries in as fast as you use it, pouring some of it into the joints and holes where

where the sponge or brush cannot reach, will never fail absolutely to destroy them all. Some beds that have much wood work, can hardly be thoroughly cleared without being first taken down; but others that can be drawn out, or that you can get well behind, to be done as it should be, may.

The smell which this mixture occasions will be all gone in two or three days: its scent is very wholesome, and, to many people, agreeable. You must remember always to shake the mixture well together whenever you use it, which must be in the day-time, not by candle-light, lest the subtlety of the mixture should catch the flame whilst you are using it, and occasion damage.

THEATRICALS.

HAYMARKET.

Aug. 14. A NEW Opera, by Mr. Holman, Author of *Abroad and at Home*, *The Votary of Wealth*, and *The Red Cross Knights*, was presented, for the first time, under the title of "WHAT A BLUNDER!" The Characters were as follow, and thus represented:

Dashington, Mr. Fawcett; Sir Sturdy O'Tremor, Mr. Johnstone; Count Alphonso d'Esparza, Mr. Holman; Don Miguel de Lara, Mr. Suett; Lopez, Mr. Farley; Juan, Mr. Emery; Patrick, Mr. Chippendale; Captain of the Banditti, Mr. Sawyer.——Angelina, Miss De Camp; Leonora, Mrs. Mountain; Jaquelina, Miss Wheatley; Viletta, Miss Menage.

The scene lies in Valentia. Count Alphonso having been separated from his wife by unavoidable circumstances, falls into company with Dashington, a young English Officer, of a lively, spirited character. Dashington obtains the affections of Leonora at Madrid, who does not disclose to him her real name; and as she was at the time on a visit

visit to her sister Angelina, Dashington, erroneously conceiving that to be the name of his Dulcinea, boasts to Don Alphonso d'Esparza, whom he accidentally meets with (the husband of Angelina), that he was going, by her own appointment, to meet her. The Spaniard, fired with jealousy, immediately calls him to account. In the duel both parties are severely wounded, and each is uncertain whether his adversary has not fallen. Alphonso, stung with the supposed infidelity of his wife, retires to a remote cottage, resolving in future to have no intercourse with mankind. His wife, ignorant of his suspicions, and miserable on account of his absence, wanders in pursuit of him, and is taken by a banditti, who confine her in a cavern. Dashington recovers, and, with the generosity natural to his character, assumes the disguise of a Friar, in order to rescue from a Convent Jaquelina, the mistress of his friend, Sir Sturdy O'Tremor, an Irish Officer, who, though in the vigour of health, yet, in consequence of his being deprived of his mistress, fancies he is the victim of all possible disorders, and that he is dropping into his grave. Dashington plays upon the vanity of Juan, Gardener of the Convent in which Jaquelina is confined, and induces him to open the gates. O'Tremor, who is at hand, passes the gate, and escapes with Jaquelina, while Dashington is treating Juan with a cordial drop, and amusing him with a pretended admiration of the garden: Juan, however, discovers the artifice, and, raising an out-cry, Dashington is secured, and brought before one of the Judges of the Inquisition, who orders him to be kept in a dungeon till the tribunal shall determine what punishment he shall suffer. Juan is left to guard Dashington in the dungeon. The banditti who have seized Angelina get Jaquelina also into their possession. This banditti get by a secret passage into the prison, with the design of robbing the house belonging to Don Miguel, the Judge, and of murdering him: when they enter the prison they find Dashington in the habit of a culprit destined to an *auto da fe*. The banditti propose to make

Dashington

Dashington a confederate, if he will assist in the murder of Don Miguel,—a proposal at which he shudders with horror, notwithstanding the dreadful fate which awaits him; and, in order to frustrate their barbarous intention, he gives the alarm, but is huddled by the villains through the secret door just as Juan approaches. Juan is seized with terror, conceiving that Dashington had been taken away by a legion of Devils. Don Miguel, however, suspects that he has connived at the escape of Dashington, and, therefore, dooms him to confinement. Dashington is taken by the robbers into their cave, where he meets with Jaquelina, the mistress of his friend O'Tremor. Jaquelina, finding that there is no possibility of escape from the cavern, except by the passage back into the prison, persuades Dashington to return with her, alledging that he has less to fear from the Judge than from the robbers. Dashington assents, and gets back to the prison, from which he is released by the Judge, who is in reality a benevolent man, and who holds his station in the Inquisition, to prevent it from being occupied by somebody less disposed to mercy than himself. Angelina, who had also escaped from the subterraneous abode of the robbers, is overcome by the violence of a storm in a lonely place, where she vents her agonies, and is heard by Alphonso, who, though he had endeavoured to steel his heart against the impulse of humanity, cannot hear an unprotected woman complain without rendering her assistance: darkness prevents him from knowing who she is, and he bears her, fainting with grief and fatigue, into his secluded dwelling. On her recovery, they, of course, are known to each other. Angelina manifests the most joyous surprise at the sight of her husband; but he, persuaded of her disloyalty, rejects her with disdain, and leaves her. She follows him, and meets O'Tremor, who places her under the protection of Dashington, while he himself goes in pursuit of Jaquelina. Alphonso enters, and seeing his wife with Dashington, the object of his suspicion, draws his sword, and they are going to fight, when Leonora, the sister

of

of Angelina, who had received the visits of Dashington at Alphonso's house, enters, and explains matters so as to prove that Dashington had supposed her name to be Angelina, and under that delusion had excited the jealousy of Alphonso by mentioning his assignation with her. Alphonso, of course, is convinced of his error, and is reconciled to his wife. Don Miguel, the guardian of Leonora, and the father of Jaquelina, allots the latter to O'Tremor, and the former to Dashington; and the Piece terminates with the general happiness.

It frequently happens, that, from inattention to the plot, or the total absence of one, this species of entertainment languishes into insipidity. This defect Mr. Holman seems to have been almost too careful to avoid. Justly disdaining the paltry negative character of "a sufficient vehicle for the music," he has introduced a bustle and variety of shade and incident into the story, which, though they keep the attention alive, in some degree injure the structure by their complexity and extravagance: and so far is the music from being essential to its success, that the Piece, if represented as a plain, broad farce, would go off just as well without it.

To refrain from laughing at some of the whimsical situations in this Opera, is impossible. Equally impossible it is to suppress the feelings in the graver passages.

The chief merit of the Author consists in the art with which he arrests the attention until the proper moment for the *éclaircissement*. The interest is happily suspended, and it is with difficulty that the explanation can be anticipated. ---In the Dialogue we were struck with many excellent and edifying passages, well expressed. There was not the slightest mark of disapprobation manifested throughout the whole performance, which was announced for repetition with unanimous applause.

In the music (the composition of Mr. Davy, of Exeter, and, we believe, his first attempt in the scenic department) we were rather disappointed. His principles are truly scientific,

entific, his taste is highly polished; but he must study more minutely the nature of dramatic representation, to attain celebrity equal to that enjoyed by the most admired masters. The Overture was correct and pleasing, but it wanted animation. Many of the Airs were sufficiently appropriate, but had very few *traits* of originality. A *Bravura* song, by Mrs. Mountain, however, was very deservedly encored; and Miss De Camp had one melody well adapted to her voice.

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

MORNING DRESSES.

1. A white muslin gown, with a ruff round the back of the neck; the shoulders full behind, in flutes, and fastened with tyes of muslin. A black lace spencer, with open network on the seams behind. A chip hat, painted with green stripes crossing each other, tied with green; and green shoes.

2. A plain muslin gown, fastened at the waist with a richly embossed hook, composed of lion's heads, held together by a twisted serpent (this is used for mourning, as well as full dress). A double-scolloped straw bonnet; and a cloak of black lace, in the form of a short robe. Yellow shoes.

FULL DRESSES.

3. The Parisian-leaf cap, of blue muslin. A plain muslin gown, with a demi-robe of pink muslin, open on the sides, and trimmed with blue ribbons. Blue shoes.

4. A white muslin gown and jacket, with chemise tucker; a head dress of the same, trimmed with lace: the whole ornamented with fillets of black velvet, enriched with diamonds.

The

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT
1949

Morning Dress for Sept.r 1800.

Afternoon Dress for Sept.r 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE TO AURORA.

BY DR. PERFECT.

SWEET-blushing Nymph, the Gates of light,
With pearly hands, unbar:
Step forth, bright Goddess, o'er the night,
And mount your ebon car.

Expand the eye-lids of the East,
Develope now the lawn;
Oh, drop your dew-delicious feast—
The spangles of the dawn!

Awake, and rouze the jocund train
That lightly round you glow;
Begin your world-reviving reign
While infant zephyrs blow.

With balmy lips breathe forth the morn,
Diffusing odours round:
The huntsman winds his early horn,
And dashes o'er the ground.

On ev'ry plant, and ev'ry flow'r,
In cordial warmth descend;
All Nature hails thy glorious pow'r,
For thou art Nature's friend.

Now, from the top of yonder mount,
I see thy op'ning ray,
Of Light the animating Fount——
The Star of new-born Day.

Expansive ev'ry budding scene,
In vernal Nature's sphere,
Smiles on the Morn, whose topaz mien
Illumines far and near.

Fragrance breathes from every flow'r—
How crystal looks the stream!——
Oh! how delightful is the hour
Of Morn's ambrosial beam!

The dappled Lark, sweet child of May,
Salutes the rising morn,
While many a note, and many a lay,
Re-issues from the thorn.

Ye feather'd minstrels join in song
Melodious:——Songsters, pour
(The morning, meads, and vales along)
Your undissembled store

Of grateful praise to Nature's King!
Who gives the gales to breathe,
And tips with gold Aurora's wing,
Or lights the car of Eve.

THE ROSE-BUD. A SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

A ROSE-BUD (sweet child of the Spring,
Which Zephyr came forward to kiss,
Just fann'd with his white silken wing,
As pregnant with odorous bliss)

A gift to my Delia I thought
Her kindness would never disclaim;
But when her acceptance I sought,
I little expected her blame.

She

She said, I had robb'd of its bloom
The garden; depriv'd of its sweet,
And nipp'd in its bud, that perfume
That scented its sylvan retreat.

A tender remonstrance of delicate thought,
Tho' harmless the deed, and tho' simple the fault.

EXTEMPORE,

On the Marriage of Mr. *Hook* to Miss *Whiting*.

BY THE SAME.

TO ensnare the trout with artificial fly
The subtle angler from the banks will try;
But, lo! our hero has a *Whiting* took——
Himself the gentle, and himself the—*Hook*.

IMPROMPTU TO A LADY.

BY THE SAME.

TELL-TALES, you say, you always shall despise:
You're right, my dear——but, pray, excuse your Eyes!!

POOR MARGUERITE.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

SWIFT o'er the wild and dreary waste
A nut-brown maid was seen to haste:
Wide-waving was her unbound hair,
And sun-scorch'd was her bosom, bare!
For Summer's noon had shed its beams
As she lay wrapp'd in fev'rish dreams;
While on the wither'd hay-stack side,
By turns she slept, by turns she cried—
"Ah! where lies hid the balsam sweet,
"To heal the wounds of Marguerite?"

Dark was her large but sunken eye,
Which wildly gaz'd upon the sky;
And swiftly down her freckl'd face
The unfelt dews began to pace;
For she was lorn, and many a day
Had all alone been doom'd to stray:
And many a night her bosom warm
Had throbb'd beneath the pelting storm:
And still she sigh'd—"The rain falls sweet;—
"It bathes the wounds of Marguerite."

Across the waste of printless snow,
All day the nut-brown maid would go:
And when the winter moon had shed
Its pale beams o'er the mountain's head,
She on a broomy pillow lay,
To watch the tardy glimpse of day;
While the cold breath of dawn-light flew
Across the fields of frozen dew;
And then she cried—"The air is sweet;
"It fans the breast of Marguerite!"

The weedy lane she lov'd to tread
When stars their twinkling lustre shed;
While from the lone and silent cot
The watchful cur assail'd her not,
Tho' at the beggar he would fly,
And fright the trav'ller passing by;
But she so kind and gentle seem'd,
Such softness in her dark eyes beam'd,
That savage fierceness could not greet
With less than smiles—poor Marguerite!

And why did she, with sun-burnt breast,
So wander, and so scorn to rest?
Why did the nut-brown maiden go
O'er burning plain and wastes of snow!
What bade her fev'rish bosom sigh,
And dimm'd her large and hazel eye;
And stole the hour of slumber sweet
From the scorch'd brain of Marguerite?

Soon shalt thou know;—for, see how, lorn,
She climbs the steep of shaggy thorn!
Now on the jutting cliff she stands,
And clasps her cold but snow-white hands;

She

She sighs– " Farewell!" and, bending slow,
Looks trembling on the main below,
And list'ning, ev'ry wave to hear,
Calls from the deep her Henry dear!
Then topples from the rock, to meet
The plighted love of Marguerite!

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

By W. F.; written on the Eve of his intended Departure for the West Indies.

'TIS come!—'tis come!——the fatal hour is come
That dooms to endless mis'ry my heart!
Sad thoughts, be still:——ah! let my woes be dumb:
But, Mary,—no!——I'll bless thee ere we part!

Ah! why in these fond eyes, resistless gaze,
Did Love's soft flame in silence beam confest?—
For, ah! too oft my bosom's heave betrays
The pensive anguish of my hopeless breast!

Why from my bosom breaks this ling'ring sigh?—
Why does this throb Love's ruthless conflict speak?
In vain the tear, that fills my sorrowing eye,
Bedews the sadden'd surface of my cheek.

Ah! when the Fates have torn me from her breast,
Tho' Love's sad reverie no hope can bring,
Still will I think how oft her hand I've prest,
And to soft, fleeted transports fondly cling.

But why indulge this soul-consuming theme?—
Ah! soon I'll languish on a distant shore!
Hope quits my breast——ah! now its ling'ring gleam
Tells me we part, to meet, alas!—*no more!*

How oft her smile will charm my fancy'd sight,
How oft this secret fondness will prevail;
And oft Love's sigh, disturbing Nature's right,
Shall murm'ring rise upon the wafting gale!

At eve, when Cynthia sheds her lucid rays,
With pensive step and cheerless heart I'll rove;
My tear-swoln eyes to Heav'n I'll oft upraise,
And sue its blessings on my bosom's love!

And when kind Heaven, regardful of my woes,
Shall hush my sorrows in the sleep of death,
Love's tear will fall!—and, as my eye-lids close,
Her name shall die upon my *parting breath!!*

SONNET TO MARY.

'TIS not vain splendour—'tis not glitt'ring ore—
My pensive soul would emulate to gain:
Hence! venal thoughts!——'tis *Pity* I implore—
'Tis *Hope* I sue——but, ah! I sue in vain!

See the lorn Flow'r, beneath a dawn o'ercast,
Reclining, droop, when Summer's beams are fled;
See, how it lingers, till the wintry blast
Sinks to the mould'ring earth its sadden'd head!

'Tis thus my bosom, warm'd but by her smile,
Love's drooping agony has long confest;
It pants!—it heaves!—nor can *one hope* beguile
The woes that ling'ring prey upon my breast.

Fond theme, oh, hence!——no joy thou can'st impart;
You fan a flame but to consume my heart! W. F.

SONNET TO MARY.

AH! will my heart ne'er cease this sorrowing heave!—
Nor sighs, nor tears, will ye ne'er pity move?
Will Heaven my woe-worn bosom ne'er relieve,
Nor sooth these killing pangs of hopeless love?

No!—no!——for, ah! I feel the hour draw on
That soon will seal my miserable doom:
Ah! could I hope, when her fond William's gone,
My love would shed one tear upon my tomb;

Tho'

Tho' long, sad flame, upon my heart thou'st prey'd—
Tho' long these pangs thou'st caus'd me to deplore—
Tho' soon this frame shall in the earth be laid—
Tho' soon these eyes shall close to ope no more—

Expiring, on her Name I'd fondly rave,
And hug the chain that made me Mary's slave. W. F.

LINES,

Written on Mr. C. KEMBLE's Re-appearance, after his having for some time lost his Voice.

AS, mourning, Echo mov'd the glades among,
And listen'd, sad, to Philomela's song,
The love-lorn Nymph in silence sigh'd alone,
And wept the mute departure of her *own!*
Venus with pity view'd the fading Maid,
And gliding where a sleeping youth was laid,
With gentlest force she sunk upon his breast,
And, while she sooth'd his waking sense to rest,
His graceful eloquence the Goddess steals,
Then swift returns where sighing Echo kneels;
Enraptur'd Cupids 'neath her trophy burn;
They draw the treasure from its silver urn;
With accents new the wond'ring valleys rung,
And tip with liquid fire her sadly silent tongue!

Narcissus now she seeks, within the grove,
To woo his pity, or to win his love:
Harmonious feeling swells each captive strain;
Entrancing Music pleads her years of pain!
While the warm æther trills with tender wounds,
And sweet Narcissus pants beneath the sounds,
Erato strikes with dread th' astonish'd fair,
And from her lips the pilfer'd accents tear.
Now the soft Muse illumes her lucid eyes;
Her lab'ring heart no longer heaves with sighs;
Bewitching smiles her rosy mouth adorn,
And gild the myrtle by the Goddess worn:
She hastes to *Kemble*, whose subduing air
Sweet passion pleads before the British fair:
His fragrant lips imbibe the precious stream;
Again his eyes with eager feeling beam;

Again

Again his Voice enchains th' enchanted ear;
Again his form the boards of rhet'ric bear:
Erato, joyous, crowns her fav'rite son
With Fame's bright chaplet, from the Graces won!

July, 1800. PSYCHE.

Sent with a Pair of EAR-RINGS previous to the Wedding Day.

THE smallest gift must surely welcome prove,
When given by the hand of faithful love;
When meant a pledge of every sacred tie
Of Truth, of Honour, and of Constancy!
As such, my Clara, let this be to you,
And thro' the gift the giver keep in view.

Go, happy Pledge, and take thy envy'd place,
Still dwelling near my much-lov'd Clara's face:
A watchful spirit may this trifle prove,
The guide and monitor of faithful love.
Oh, may some magic pow'r now give it aid
To charm, and to protect, the lovely maid;
Let no seductive sounds assail her ear,
But guard her as a treasure held most dear;
Each innovating thought for e'er subdue,
Holding fair Truth and Honour still to view:
This trifle, then, will claim my endless praise,
While mutual bliss compleats our happy days!

LITTLE MARY's TOMB.

HERE, trav'ller turn thy devious way,
And lightly press the sod;
This sacred spot with awe survey,
And lift thy thoughts to God.

Within the precincts of this tomb
The little Mary lies;
Snatch'd from the world in early bloom,
Her Virtues gild the skies!

If patience meek, if truth sincere,
Thy sympathy awake,
In pity drop the tender tear
For *us*—not Mary's sake.

Old Broad Street, Aug. 1800. J. W.

SOLITARY REFLECTIONS.

Addressed to ***** ******.

WHY thus is joy fled from my heart,
Since late thy soft converse I knew?
What is it I fain would impart?—
Ah! why hangs the time—but with you?

What is it my mind would disclose?
Why struggles this sigh to be free?
Ah! why am I lost to repose?
Why, vain, do I think but on thee?

The lily, neglected, that fades,
Withheld from the nourishing tear,
Revives in the night's humid shades:——
My mind thus your Presence would cheer!

But, ah! sad despair fills my heart;
I scarce from the tear can refrain,
For fancy forebodes, as we part,
Alas! we shall ne'er meet again!

July, 1800. CAROLUS.

THE VALETUDINARIAN'S INVOCATION.

LONG sultry suns have parch'd the sky,
And cleft the earth, and burnt the blade;
All Nature's voice is heard to cry
For cooling show'rs and friendly shade.

Oh!

Oh, drop, ye clouds, in genial rain!
Bright Phœbus veil your burning face;
Let fresh'ning air assuage my pain,
And languor yield to strength its place:

For long my plaintive pray'r has been—
Not to be rich, or great, or gay;
But to obtain the golden mean,
With spirits light, and health's best sway.

Vain wishes to the weak I leave;
Each passion anguish has brought low:
All Heav'n can grant, or I receive,
Is ease from overwhelming woe.

THE WISH.

I'VE often wish'd to have a friend,
With whom my choicest hours to spend,
To whom I safely might impart
Each wish and weakness of my heart;
Who might in ev'ry sorrow cheer,
And mingle with my griefs a tear;
For whom alone I wish to be,
And who would only live for me;
And, to secure my bliss for life,
I'd wish that friend to be——a Wife!

Z.

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Woo-den.

Charade II.——Lynn-wood.

CHARADES.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY First is a badge of fashion and taste,
A herald that tells the abode;
Yet I've known it the means of destruction and waste,
And to ruin exposeth the road.

Again; 'tis the bond of good-humour and glee,
And preventeth both slander and spite,
When ladies assemble by one, two, and three,
To chat o'er the news of the night.

My Second's allow'd the support of a treat,
But never a farthing will pay,
And induces each person to drink, and to eat,
Tho' not half a word will it say.

My Whole to the verdure of Spring may compare,
But, like Spring, it will never supply
Delight to a mind that is tinctured with care,
Though it sometimes amuseth the eye.

CHARADE II.

MY First I present in the animal race,
But whether domestic, or wild,
I shall not declare:——now, in the next place,
My Second is part of a child,

And part of a man, and part of a beast;
But refinement concealeth its name:
For tho' I have known it make part of a feast,
I never could eat of the same.

All ye who are fond of harmonious strains,
My Whole has the pow'r to impart
Delight to the ear: tho' the eye nothing gains,
Its effect will extend to the heart.

CHARADE III.

MY First's an envelop, or case;
Of dress it is likewise a part,
Tho' the beaux of this age will disgrace
And call it a mere badge of art.

My

My Second conducteth the stream,
And confines it within a due bound,
Where the rays of the sun never gleam,
For it mostly resides under ground.

My Whole's the inspirer of mirth,
Good-humour, affection, and glee,
And is us'd in a known spot of earth
Not divided from England by sea.

CHARADE IV.

My First 's a congeal'd lump of earth;
My Second 's connected with state;
Is the means by which persons of birth
Gain seats in a mansion that 's great.

My Whole in that mansion 's no place,
Nor ever claims right or pretence;
For my whole is attach'd to a race
Devoid both of talents and sense.

To Correspondents, &c.

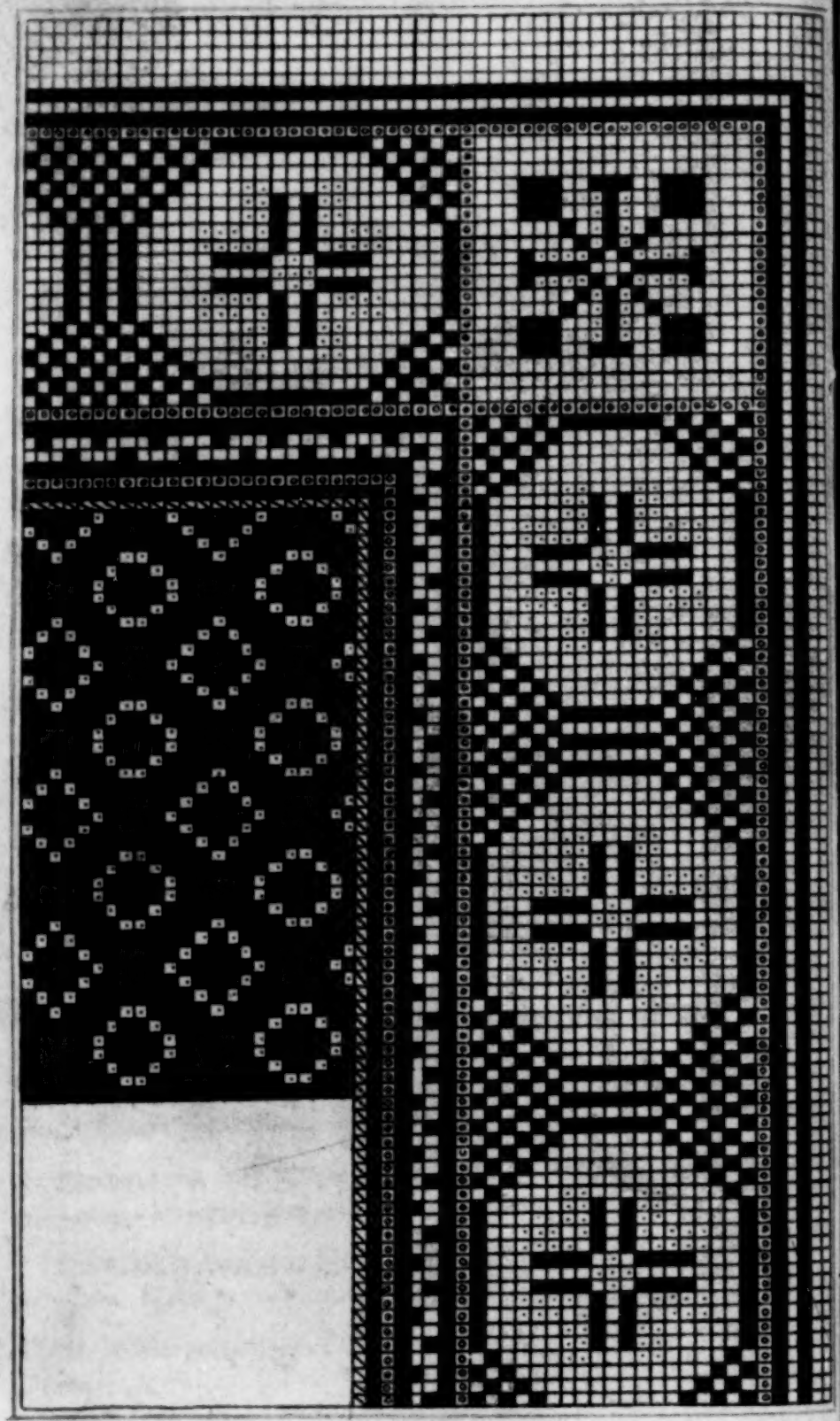
THE Lady who seems apprehensive that we no longer approve her Writings, may be assured, that her literary talents are held in much respect by the Editor; and whatever she employs her mind *upon, will always be acceptable. It is only when she descends to copy, and send him "more than twice-told" tales, &c. that he feels disappointment, and is reduced to the unpleasing necessity of suppressing them.*

The Inspector, *No. III., is under consideration: it came too late for this Month's Number, and seems to want interest.*

The Child of Adoption, *and* The Fair Lithuanians *(if not too long), shall both be inserted when we receive the Conclusions of them.*

The Article on Solitude *is not admissible.*

BRITISH MUSEUM
3
OCT



Pattern for a Carpet in Needle Work.